Liberty

APRIL 15, 1944 10c

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John Hersey's Great Novel of the War

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE
BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

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Cover: Easter, 1944
Painted by Herbert Paus

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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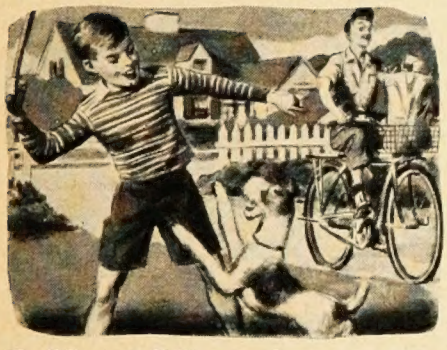
Liberty, April 15, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 16. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

BUY
WAR BONDS

My son calls it

"DOG-BITE" INSURANCE



1 My son Bill was playing out on the lawn with his dog the other day, when a new delivery boy came up the drive. The terrier frisked over for a romp, and somehow toppled the boy off his bike.

2 In a jiffy groceries were all over the place, the boy was on the ground, pants torn and his leg scratched and bleeding. Maybe the dog accidentally nipped him . . . maybe the fall caused it.

3 Anyway, the boy was mad. "I'll sue your Dad!" he said. Bill was mighty scared until I got home that night and explained how my "North America" insurance takes care of just such accidents.

4 "How'd you know a thing like this might happen, Dad?" he asked. "Well, Son, I didn't. But, my insurance Agent knows there's always a dog around the house. So, he figured we might need that 'dog bite' insurance some day. We did!"

You may not own a dog. But, there are other ways in which you may need protection against serious financial loss. Ask your Agent or Broker if your present insurance is sufficiently broad to cover your loss in the event of:

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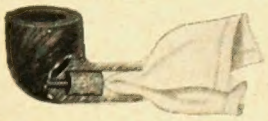

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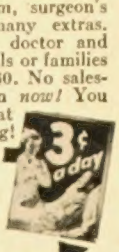

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★ VOX POP ★

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NO NEWS

IRAN—Read and enjoyed Lieutenant Davis Newton Lott's article in January 1 Liberty on How to Write to a Serviceman. But would now like to beg of him, as a receiver of the correspondence he prescribes, as to how and what we on foreign soils can do to make our letters to wives, mothers, sweethearts, etc., as interesting to them as those he prescribed.

He seems to understand our predicament but offers us no remedy. Our

problem, I believe, is greater than that of those at home, and I, for one, am starting to wonder whether my dull and uninteresting letters warrant an answer. See what you can do.—*Pfc. R. L. Bordner.*

IMAGINATIVE IRA

HONOLULU, T. H.—It pains me to see Liberty fall for hooey like Ira Wolfert's splash called Jungle Fighting—Yankee Style in its February 5 issue. What harried editorial soul let *that* mess of unadulterated baloney into your sacred pages?

First off, Ira's jungle description is smooth, his adjectives musical—but if he's seen a jungle he's not an accurate reporter.

Second off, his jungle battle is hilariously improbable. He gets his two sniper-stalking soldiers behind their coconut log with some degree of reasonableness. From there on it's pure fantasy.

Why? Well, one soldier pops his helmet above the log to draw snipers' fire —they locate him in a coconut tree. Thereafter they calmly shoot the fronds off the coconut tree, one by one, until the Jap is left denuded and sticking out like a wad of chewing gum on a toothpick. Upon which they, with equal calmness, shoot out the Jap.

Simple, what? Listen, my fran: An Army rifle ball cannot possibly snip off

a palm frond in one shot. A frond is inches thick and is tough, fibrous, and somewhat spongy. A rifle ball whips through leaving hardly a trace. Probably at least twenty perfectly placed shots would be necessary to cut off one frond. Not one soldier in a hundred thousand is expert enough to hit a frond in the proper spot even under the best conditions of lighting and with unlimited time to aim.

How, then, in the "thin green light" of the "half-lit" jungle, could those two lads so easily and casually snip off those thick, tough fronds with rifle balls less than one third inch in diameter? And while under fire, at that! What was the Nip sniper doing while they exposed themselves above the log for the slow careful aim necessary to hit a frond? Perhaps he knocked off for lunch, or to enjoy a game of solitaire, or to read a Liberty fable—or maybe he was so bemused by admiration of their small-arms wizardry that he forgot a war was on.

As for Ira's 75s playing "mortar" and cleaning out four machine-gun nests with one lucky salvo—and doing it by firing almost straight up—well, old Munchausen was a piker! I do sincerely hope not too many of our experienced artillery boys laughed themselves to death when they read it.—*Paul C. Smith.*

SLEEP INDUCER

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—Just read the flattering comments on Lady in the Dark in March 11 Liberty. My husband and I wasted an evening on the production. True, there were two or three

showy scenes, but these were a very small part of the picture. In order to see them we sat through an otherwise long, silly, boresome story.—*Mrs. Nata Dean.*

STUMP SPEAKERS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—All this squawking and complaining about our wonderful President Franklin Delano Roosevelt makes me sick! I should like very much to have an answer from Ellen E. Stewart (March 18 Vox Pop) as to the "other men who are just as competent and able to run the country, even in wartimes." She certainly did not offer any suggestions as to a possible successor to F. D. R., who has the qualifications necessary to make a good President. That's because there is no such person!

I'm too young to vote (being only eighteen) but if I were there's no one I'd rather see stay in the White House for as long as is necessary than President Roosevelt. I'm sure I'm not alone in my sentiments, am I, folks?—(*Miss*) *Renée Brenner.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—As an old Liberty reader—having started with the first copy—I would like to reply to two of your Vox Pop contributors in the March 11 issue, Harry J. Lay and M. Lee Manning. These two gentlemen seem to be carrying the torch for their

indispensable (I call it indefensible) man, F. D. R. Mr. Manning says specifically that if we don't like the way F. D. R. is running the country we should go to Germany and have Hitler rule over us. I ask, why trade dictators? Good grief, Mr. Manning, the one we now have is bad enough.

If the Republicans use their good common sense at the national convention next June and nominate Dewey and Warren, they will go a long way toward restoring constitutional government back to the people where it belongs.—*R. F. Williams.*

OFF FOR THE DURATION

CHULA VISTA, CALIF.—If it's not asking too much, I think it would be a good idea for all paratroopers, bellhops, and wrapleggings to knock off this silly feuding. They will more than likely get

their chance to prove their worthiness before this war is won. In the meantime, it will provide the editor some space in which he can print something of interest to his readers. Thank you.—*William J. Savage, A. M. M. 2/c.*

BOREDOM—ON ICE

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—I have just read Liberty's January 8 issue, and was interested in the article Yanks Abroad: North Africa, by Lieutenant (j. g.) Koch. He dwells at some length on the subject of boredom in the African theater. Then he goes on to tell of towns that may be visited on pass, of girls, dates, and drinks that can be had.

There are a lot of us here who would like to try his boredom. I wonder how he would like to be stationed out on a small island in the Aleutian chain where all that can be seen is tundra; where there isn't a town for hundreds of miles, no female anywhere within a thousand miles, no place to go if you did have time. Add to this the fact that many of the men have been here anywhere from one to three years—usually in one location. The nearest any one comes to getting a drink is an occasional ration of beer, in limited amounts.

The only recreation is what is made up right here and, of course, movies. The sun manages to show its face for a few days along in the middle of summer (when the fog isn't too dense).

Yes, I think I could find a few fellows who would question Lieutenant Koch's idea of what constitutes boredom.

Here's hoping the poor lads in Africa can stand the loneliness for a little while longer.—*Cpl. C. E. Peterson.*

SPACE SAVER

OIL CITY, PA.—E. F. Tobin of Spokane hit the bull's-eye in February 26 Vox Pop when he complained of your "pee-wee picayune style of type." Space could be saved better in several other ways. For instance, by cutting out the unbelievably silly little cartoons sprinkled through the magazine that are neither informative, interesting, nor funny.—*Charley Smith.*

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

NORTH DAKOTAN BY BIRTH, Frances Malm later moved to Minnesota, where she went to the university, and still prefers to live in the land o' lakes. Until she was eleven Frances thought she wanted to become a commercial artist, but her father detected a literary bent in the youngster, encouraged it, and the girl broke into the children's page of a newspaper, sure enough. "Then I thought I was made," she laughs. She likes horses and dogs, has a golden cocker, and would like a horse to match.

TO GET AWAY FROM the taut, strenuous life she has to live as columnist and radio commentator, Dorothy Thompson flees to her chicken farm in Vermont each summer. There, also, her boy Michael, fourteen, attends the Putney School, the well known experimental institution, where he also does farm work, among other things. Her husband, Maxim Kopf, a Czech, paints pictures, and he has done one of Paul Robeson, as Othello, in a purple robe, that compels attention. But, aside from all this, don't fail to read Miss Thompson's America's International Future, in this issue.

ANOTHER SLICE OF global interest will be found in David G. Wittels' piece, Chinese Army—American style. He is famous for his knack of uncovering stories that are hidden, and getting at the facts, with nothing taken for granted. At present he's on a world-circling tour for the Philadelphia Record.

ALL OF YOU WHO enjoy Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (Unabashed) will want to know that his first baby (book) is to be born April 10, and its name is You Wouldn't Know Me from Adam. "What's it like?" we asked. "Like me," said he. And that's plenty. Besides fun in words, there's fun in pictures drawn by the comic Colonel himself!

THE EDITORS.

NEXT WEEK

C/O POSTMASTER

By Corporal Thomas R. St. George

Liberty's Book Condensation

This G. I. view of what happened to our boys in Australia—and vice versa—has been tickling the ribs of America for some months now, and is pretty sure to keep the laughs going for a long time to come.

The boys were ready to go to war, but they didn't mind looking over a new continent, and the girls, on the way. They liked the Army, but a few good-humored gripes didn't injure morale. Here is some of the freshest and funniest stuff that has come out of the Army to date.

"IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH—BUT WE CAN DO IT!"

By Drew Middleton

Others may doubt the invasion's success, but not the men who have to do the fighting. They're calmly certain they can "take" the Germans—and they're plenty anxious to prove it.

THE REVELATION OF KWAJALEIN

By Morris Markey

We expected the Japs to fight all-out for the Marshalls. But they didn't—or couldn't. Which is it? Liberty's reporter, who was there, supplies the answer.

WHO IS WHO IN 1944 BASEBALL?

By Bill Stern, NBC Director of Sports

Who's the next batter? Brother, you'll have to ask the draft boards. Here's a preview of the dizziest of all big-league baseball seasons.

THEY PUT WINGS ON THE IMPOSSIBLE

By John J. Lee, Manager Manufacturing, Airplane Division, Curtiss-Wright Corp.

The enemy—and the rest of the world too—thought America's aircraft production program impossible. It was, but our makers surmounted all obstacles and surprised everybody, including themselves.

YANKS ABROAD: THE SARONG GIRLS

By Major Remsen J. Cole, U. S. M. C.

What kind of gals are these coral beauties of the Pacific isles? A marine introduces you to a few typical island lassies.

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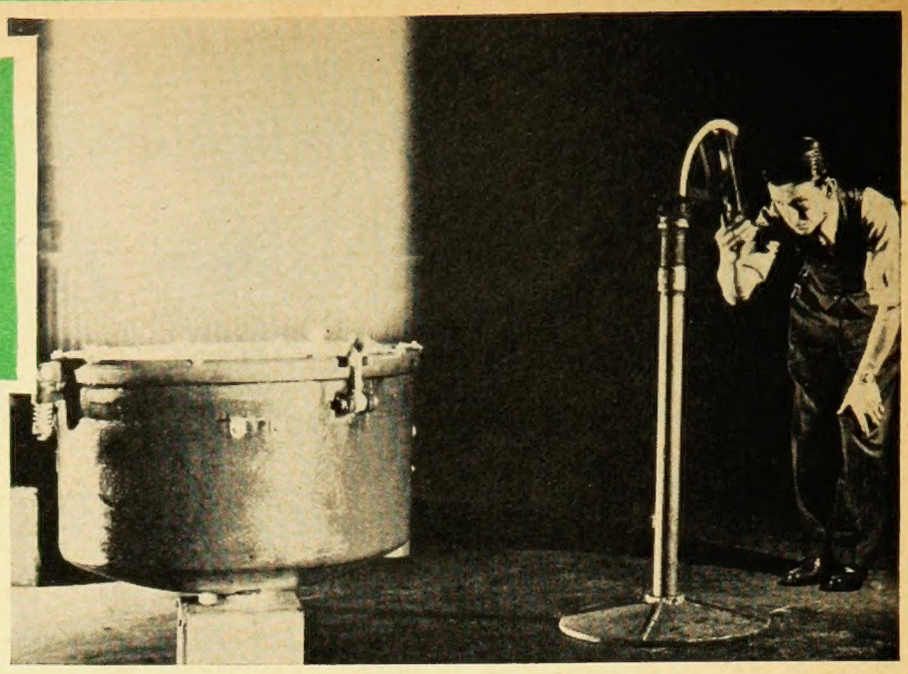
ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



A five-mile-high beam, manufactured by Westinghouse Lighting Division, records ceiling for planes and is helping to overcome flying hazards.

As Time Goes On

The price of a Consolidated B-24 four-engined bomber (Liberator) has dropped more than $100,000 in the last two years. The Army Air Forces recently signed a contract for 4,500 B-24s at $137,000 each, compared with a price of $238,000 when an order for 1,200 of the planes was placed two years ago. Improved methods of mass production and careful cost analyses are two of the reasons given by the Army for this big reduction.

And it takes much less time to build an airplane these days. An early fighter type took 157,000 man-hours for construction, but mass production cut that to 7,800 man-hours for the thousandth plane. A four-engined bomber took 200,000 man-hours in its early production stage; American know-how cut time on the thousandth ship to 22,500 man-hours. And, to top it off, time on the two thousandth one has been reduced to 13,000 man-hours.

Are we building airplanes? Listen to this: in 1940, the Pacific Coast aircraft companies built about 2,600 planes and by December of that year had 87,000 employees. In one month—November, 1943—a single aircraft company, employing more workers than were at work in the entire industry three years before, turned out 1,038 planes. A plane came off the assembly line every fifteen minutes of the working day.

Great Expectations

Before the war, the U. S. air lines had only two types of planes—day planes and sleepers—and the entire U. S. fleet totaled only 350 ships. What will constitute this fleet and how large it will be after the war is anybody's guess. However, many of the air lines are actively studying the situation. For instance, one of the major air lines, United Air Lines, now believes that there will be 5,000 aircraft in the United States for daily domestic operation within twenty years after the war. In contrast to the two types of planes used before the war, United expects to fly at least five types: day coach, de luxe sleeper, standard sleeper, short-haul trunk feeder, and cargo liner.

Secret No Longer

Great Britain established some kind of record by keeping an airplane on the "secret" list for three years. This was the Armstrong-Whitworth Albemarle, a twin-engined plane originally designed for bombing and reconnaissance. The plane, made entirely of wood and steel, was the first British ship equipped with a tricycle undercarriage.

The Albemarle was built straight off the drawing board—there was no prototype. Production was undertaken by more than 1,000 subcontractors, firms that had been making jewelry, handbags, organs, hair-waving equipment, and furniture.

By the time production was under way it was decided to fit the airplane for other activities, such as special transport work, and a number of modifications were made—so many in fact, that, according to British reports, the plane became known as "Dumbo," after the unwanted baby elephant in the movies.

However, the Albemarle may play a part in the invasion, because it is now being used as a glider tug. It is powered with two Bristol Hercules engines, has maximum speed of more than 250 miles an hour at 10,500 feet, is 60 feet long with a 77-foot wing span. Weight of the glider-tug version is 22,600 pounds.

Postwar Cargo

What types of cargo will be carried by air after the war, and what will be the cost of the service? These questions have been and are being studied by many groups. At a recent air-cargo meeting in Chicago, engineers, market analysts, traffic managers, and college leaders were asked for their opinions on the subject of air cargo.

Most of them believed that five years after the war, cargo will be flown for 25 cents a ton-mile (cost of carrying one ton one mile), compared with 88 cents in 1939. They further believed that among articles carried will be machinery and parts, wearing apparel, newspapers, magazines, electrotypes, etc., movie films, transcriptions, etc., and perishable commodities. Perishables should represent 10 per cent of the total tonnage, compared with 2.7 per cent in 1939, was the belief.

If rates drop to 25 cents a ton-mile, 200,000 tons a year will be carried, they said, adding that the average haul will be about 675 miles. In 1939 a total of 2,925 tons was carried, the average distance being 925 miles.

Oldest Flyer

Age seems to make no difference. Great Britain's sixty-eight-year-old Acting Wing Commander Lionel Cohen is still on active service and was recently awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Acting as a Navy air liaison officer, he has flown over the Mediterranean, North Atlantic and Norwegian coast, making forty-five operational flights serving as an air gunner and observer. When the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were at Brest, Wing Commander Cohen took part in raids on these German ships. In 1942 he was wounded in the head during an attack on the German pocket battleship Lutzow in the North Sea.

Parking Space of the Future

The biggest subject for discussion in private flying circles these days is the need for thousands of landing strips for the use of personal airplane owners. The future of private flying is not wrapped up in large airports with expensive paved runways and elaborate control towers, but in a multitude of small landing fields which can be constructed on any pasture and which will not need hard-surfaced runways.

One aviation authority believes we will ultimately have these small landing strips every ten miles over most of the country so that the average private flyer will not be out of sight of a landing spot at any time. There is no need for radio equipment or elaborate facilities at these fields, for most of them should be built and owned by private enterprise.

The strips would be identified from the air by visual markings, so that the flyer will not only know that there is a landing strip available but he will know just where he is from the visual identification. Such landing strips can range from 700 to 1,500 feet in length and will be easy to maintain. After the war you can lay a bet that every good roadside tourist establishment will have a landing strip near by for the itinerant and vacation flyer.

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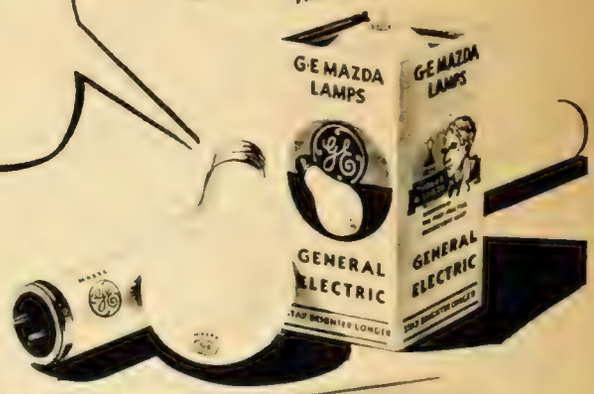

ARE you getting *all* the light that General Electric Research puts into your G-E lamp bulbs? To help protect eyesight and conserve critical materials, follow these simple suggestions —and get more useful light from your G-E lamps! When you need bulbs, get the right size—and be sure they're marked G-E!

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2. FIVE G-E MAZDA LAMPS burning in an unoccupied room! That's a peace-time luxury we can dispense with today!

3. NO LAMP! That's bad. Mother would strain her eyes less with table-lamp *(lower right)* beside her. Sewing calls for plenty of glareless light.

4. THAT BARE BULB is doing little good for anyone. Glares in Dad's eyes, doesn't help Mother's sewing. Better turn it out.

5. DON'T BE A LIGHT-MONOPOLIST! If Dad moved floor lamp to right of his chair, Junior could sit beside him and share good light.

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

6. FLOOR IS BAD PLACE to read. Why not move that chair closer to Dad and make the floor lamp do double duty between them.

7. LAMP IS POORLY PLACED. Better move it to that table where Mother is sewing.

8. DUST AND DIRT ON LAMP BOWLS and bulbs can waste half the light you pay for. Clean them regularly. Pity to waste half the light from G-E MAZDA lamps when precious eyes need it!

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sundays 10 p. m. EWT, NBC. "The World Today" news every weekday, 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

The primary postwar problem is to ensure peace. There's only one way to do it, we are told in this provocative article by a top political thinker

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

IN today's era, and even more in tomorrow's, the international control of war becomes a necessity of survival for every nation. No nation can conceivably be strong enough to control it alone.

Aviation is not yet at its height. Planes will become ever faster and capable of carrying ever heavier loads. There is up to now no limit to be seen in the increase of the power of explosives.

Scientists are already approaching solutions which will make the explosives of today seem like firecrackers compared with the explosives of ten or twenty years from now—if we are still determined to turn miraculous energies into bombs instead of new productive power.

It has always been said that for every new weapon a counter-weapon can be found, but the ultimate counter-weapon, both in this war and the last, has been only retaliation. That was true of gas in the last war and of bombing in this one. The only way that Germany would be able to defend her cities would be by her ability to bomb an equal or greater number of British cities off the map.

Therefore an international organization for the maintenance of peace is essential unless the human race is absolutely determined to destroy itself. The question is only this: What is an international organization?

An international organization is not an agreement between the governments of four great powers that they will remain friends forever and mutually police the world while each retains its full sovereign rights. Agreements between governments cannot be enforced—except by war, which we are out to avoid. If the states of America had merely made agreements between each other by which each retained its own armies, foreign diplomatic relations, widely differing institutions, and completely separate laws, there would not have been one American Civil War but perpetual civil wars.

What the states decided to do was to delegate certain privileges and responsibilities to a new and superior institution created by themselves—to, in fact, a super-state government. Vermont or Texas can each have its own educational institutions, its own taxes, its own divorce laws, its own laws governing inner-state property, its own way of speech, and its own police and militia. But each cannot have its own separate Army, currency, customs frontiers, and foreign policy, nor deny the ultimate judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States. It also cannot secede from the Union without immediately committing a hostile act, which is cause for police action by federal troops. That issue was settled in the 1860s once and for all.

Now, this has never worked out with exact justice, or to the blissful satisfaction of all concerned. To this very day New Yorkers are asking why their taxes should be used to build houses for Georgia crackers, and Georgia crackers are asking how long the South must remain a colony for Northern capitalists, etc. But while all the griping goes on, nobody suggests that we would be better off if we broke up into forty-eight states. And not the most ardent Vermont patriot, even under a Roosevelt administration, wants to give up being a citizen of the United States.

We have thus brought about the end of war in a very unequal country, with "have" and "have-not" states, through a genuine interstate organization.

Nobody proposes that the same degree of co-operation or the same intimacy of organization can be obtained by a union of the globe. But even the example of the United States—to say nothing of the Soviet Union, which is a union of a hundred and sixty-five or more nationalities, languages, and cultures—is proof that uniformity is not necessary to creating an organization for the general welfare and mutual defense under law.

(*Continued on page 55*)

DID YOU NEVER

TRAVELING out of Chicago on a crowded local, Lloyd Bannister dozed off and dreamed about Sara. It was an old dream, one he had often, teasing him with an illusion of something that was gone, or rather, of something that had never been at all excepting in his imagination. When he woke up, he had the usual reaction: a sense of coming out of sunshine into a cold north light. Disenchantment. Nowadays he fell rather easily into a pattern of detached cynicism and could remember Sara, the oblong dimple in her cheek, the blue sparkling brightness of her eyes, with hardly a twinge. After a while, he was thinking, there would be nothing left at all. Except the moral. Which was one big thing he didn't intend to forget.

He sat up, a lean sun-toughened young man with captain's bars on his shoulders, glanced incuriously around the coach, and lit himself a cigarette, tipping his pack as an absent afterthought at the youthful second lieutenant beside him. Well, he had kept his lesson in mind so far. No girls. Or rather, none in particular. In these weeks back home he had played the field and played it light. Now, after this short trip north to see a friend of his in the hospital, his leave would be over and he would be heading back to combat duty. . . . "You don't smoke?" he asked the youth.

"No, thanks, sir."

"O. K." Sliding his pack back into his pocket, he gave the boy another friendly glance. He wasn't more than nineteen or so, a tall slight youngster with dark serious eyes and a strangely grim look around his mouth. The silver wings on his breast had a bright new blaze about them.

"On your way home," he asked him, "or the opposite?"

"Home," the boy answered.

"The end of the line, by any chance?"

"Well—yes."

"Same here," said Lloyd. "But not home, for me. What about the hotels in your town?"

The boy turned then, and Lloyd was surprised to see that he was frowning and a little embarrassed. "I guess—that is, I've heard the Belmont is the main one," he answered. "But I didn't mean it was my home town either. I live in Pennsylvania. I . . ." He turned away, staring out of the window. There was a tight grim look to his jaw again. He said, "I'm not staying. I'm going back tonight too. I have an errand, that's all. Something . . . something I've got to do . . . that's all."

Lloyd waited for him to go on. But when nothing happened, he broke the silence himself, saying, "The Belmont. . . . I'll keep that in mind," and then changed the subject.

They talked about flying. Gradually the boy's face lost its darkly grim purposefulness, his words took some warmth from the eager passion burning through his blood, the shine of silver wings broke straight out from his soul. Lloyd asked him, grinning, "Any tight squeezes? Did the magic carpet ever go

Lloyd watched the boy's belligerence and the girl's fading bewildered smile.

FLY AGAIN?

BY FRANCES MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

flop for you?" Then a second time it happened.

The boy said, "Oh . . . I had to set her down in a cotton field one day." He seemed to be going to stop at that. But Lloyd saw color come into his face and drain away again in a congestion of emotion. He glanced out of the train window. "Another time," he went on, "we had to bail out of a bomber. It was three weeks ago. We were on a night flight. At five thousand feet one of the engines went bad. Finally we got orders from the base to bail out. We all jumped, except the pilot . . ."

Lloyd didn't say anything. When the boy went on, he seemed almost to be talking his own thoughts. "Johnny Mansfield his name was," he said. "He was the swellest fellow I ever knew. I argued with him, till there wasn't any time left. But it was no use. He stayed with the plane and crashed with it."

Lloyd nodded, and his face, lined and harshened by the prolonged strain of war duty, had a curiously compassionate look. "I know," he said rather gently. "We all come to it sometime. The old gamble. To try to save the ship or play it safe and save the skin. . . ."

The boy turned around, his eyes black and angry-looking. "Sure. That's what they all thought. None of them knew how it really was."

"Was it another way?"

There was no answer. The boy stared down at his fist, swallowing up his words and his anger into a fastness within him. It was plain he had been caught off guard in a moment of strong feeling and blurted out something he had planned to keep to himself.

Lloyd got up, but turned back for a moment and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Look," he said. "You got into a game where the friends go too sometimes . . . along with the enemy. Don't take it hard."

The boy nodded. "Yeah. I know it."

"Sure," said Lloyd softly, and went away.

HE didn't see the boy again till much later that day. He took a cab directly from the station out to the fort hospital and spent most of that afternoon visiting with his friend.

It was getting on toward dinnertime when he started back to town. The air was soft and still under gathering storm clouds. As the cab bumped and bounced over rutted suburban streets he made a few vague plans for the hours before traintime. The Belmont for dinner—why not? And a girl. Some dancing maybe. Cheerful lights and good bright music.

Rainy night ahead. He hated the thought of it. It brought back reminders of the night he'd gone away. The long ride to the station with rain drumming on the roof of the taxi, and Sara in his arms, and the wonderful pretense that they were sitting by a fire under a snug roof of their own; and her hand coming up to his cheek, and her voice saying, "We'll have it tomorrow." Meaning a year from then, or three, or five, whenever the war was over. Tomorrow.

He thought of how he had come back six months ago. It seemed no more than yesterday. Yesterday . . . winter in the city, snowbirds on the park fountain, cars slushing by in the street. He was walking along, thinking how he would surprise Sara. And on the corner he ran into a friend, and the friend, after the hails and handshakes of reunion, said, "Well, fellow, now that Sara McKaye is married—"

"Don't kid me." Just that, in a voice that was rough with a queer kind of anger.

"Lloyd! You don't mean—Lloyd, she surely told you."

The errand of one in the strange city was love; the errand of the other was vengeance. But the intertwining of their paths changed several lives

"No." Voice down quiet now. "Whom . . . did she marry?"

"Kem Channing. He got a nice defense job through his father. They've bought a house on the Parkway . . ."

"Does it have an outdoor fireplace? Is it built on a hillside?"

"Look here, Lloyd—come across the street and have a drink. Lloyd, I'm mortally sorry. I thought it was mutual. I thought . . ."

"Sure. It's all right. Rain check on that—that drink. Got to see some one . . ."

Yesterday . . . winter in the country, a rambling stone house with slopes of white lawn and big black trees. Beautiful, all right. And she, opening the door to him, was beautiful too. That oblong dimple, those sparkling eyes. She said, "Lloyd—" Then, in a moment, quite normally, "Why, Lloyd, how wonderful! Come in."

And he knew then. He hadn't believed it before, really. But at that moment he knew. "No, I'll be going, thanks."

There were friends inside, girls' voices. She drew the door closed behind her. "Lloyd, you—you did get my letter."

"No. Was there a letter?"

"Oh, Lloyd—" Compassion in her tone. "I wrote you. I wrote you everything. I wanted you to know before it happened. I wanted—"

"Did you get your autumn wedding?"

"Lloyd—" she said, and he stood there waiting, because he was too stunned and sick to know what else to do. She put her hand on his arm, and there was that warmth of spirit about it that he remembered, that he'd held inside him all these months. "Lloyd, I knew him before I ever met you. We were almost engaged once. Then, after you were gone, I saw a lot of him, and I realized—"

"That you hadn't ever loved me?"

He wished she'd said yes then. Because that would have made her deep and fine, the way he'd thought her. But she said, "No, Lloyd—no! I did love you. I was miserable after you left. I used to have awful dreams—that you'd been shot down— And then— Oh, you think it was easy. But it wasn't. The days slipping away, the months, maybe even the years—and all my dreams of having a home—children—"

Yesterday . . . and his feet going down the steps, down the flagstone walk, down the street. Walking . . . walking . . .

THE storm was beginning to break as his cab drew up to the hotel. A raw gust of wind swept by, the first harsh handful of raindrops scattered on the pavement. He got out and paid the driver—turned to make a run for the entrance. And crashed his full weight against a girl.

It amounted to quite a casualty. Her handbag went spilling over the sidewalk, the hat she'd been chasing went skipping on down the street. Several minutes later, in the lobby entrance, he was handing back to her a rain-spattered straw sailor and offering his apologies. He liked the way she an-

(*Continued on page 64*)

"I argued with Johnny, but he stayed with the plane—crashed with it."

AT WHAT POINT WILL GERMANY COLLAPSE?

BY WILLIAM VAN NARVIG

WITH the war in Europe entering its climactic stage the question uppermost in the minds of all is, "How long can Nazi Germany hold out?"

The question can be answered, and the answer does not have to depend on a hodgepodge of astrological forecasts and plain guesswork. It can be worked out within narrow limits of mathematical certainty.

There is no need of going into the much debated matter of German morale, on the home front or in the Army. In today's war the whole people is the Army. Morale is one of the imponderables that do not lend themselves to advance calculations. The Germans have adopted the slogan, "War to the Knife!" We take it for granted that they mean every word of it.

But willingness to wage war is a far cry from ability to wage war. The latter is dependent entirely on a number of economic factors. The Nazis have grouped all these factors under their general concept of *Wehrwirtschaft* (total war economy). Each factor is interdependently joined with the others, like the arches of a bridge. If one arch collapses the whole bridge is useless. Let one economic factor disintegrate and the Nazis are stopped dead at both ends of the Wehrwirtschaft.

When the Nazis went to war they knew perfectly well that they could not build up their Wehrwirtschaft with what they had on hand. There was not enough. They went outside their country and obtained what they were lacking by means of conquest. These conquests they integrated with what they had, and thus the Wehrwirtschaft came into being.

The Nazis have lost some of their conquests. They are going to lose others. The mathematical certainty of their inability to hold out enters at that point of their losses where one of the principal economic factors collapses and the Wehrwirtschaft becomes a dead letter.

The first of these factors is raw materials for the manufacture of the machines of war. Principal among these are iron, coal, and wood. So long as Germany retains the Lorraine ore deposits she has enough iron to cover all her needs, and it is a long way from the English Channel to Lorraine. Germany has all the coal she will ever need, and she also has plenty of wood.

True, many additional raw materials enter the war picture. But German ingenuity in this field has been proved. German chemists have been able to produce a virtually endless line of substitutes from these three basic materials. German industrial life is practically built around coal. Wood has been utilized to the point where it gives even certain food substitutes. Iron and coal deposits, like forests, cannot be destroyed by bombings. So long as the Nazis are able to control these three pivotal materials in sufficient quantities they can get along.

Raw materials must be converted into finished goods. Here we come to the second factor of the Wehrwirtschaft—the industrial plant. Germany has the factories. She has them close to the center of her resistance. At one time the Western Allies thought Germany's factories could be bombed to smithereens. The Russians contended that it could not be done, and so far they have been proved right.

Bombing did a certain amount of damage to the factories. But the Germans got used to it, just as the British

did before them. They decentralized their industrial plant, scattered it all over the countryside. They transferred important factories to safer locations. They bombproofed others. They built key plants in forested areas, replanted the forest on the roofs. This industry is pretty secure until the resistance center is reached by invading armies. That may take a long time, and the longer it takes the safer German industry is made.

For their continued operation the factories need machines—the third factor. The Nazis have the machines. They looted them from the many countries which they invaded. Only recently they carried the machines from industrial northern Italy to their own territory. Their machine-tool industry provides sufficient replacements. All considered, unless and until they lose their industrial plant they are rather safe on this point.

However, the producing machines in the factories, as well as the war machines on the ground, in the air, and on the sea, require oil. Here we come to the first weak factor of the Wehrwirtschaft. The Nazis, at the moment, have the Rumanian oil wells. They also have their synthetic-oil industry, which has been enlarged to produce in excess of eight million tons of oil annually. In a pinch this synthetic production alone can be made to provide all the fuel needs of a defensive war for a long time to come.

But oil serves another, even more important requirement. Unless the production machines as well as the war machines are properly lubricated they run to pieces. Synthetic oil derived from coal does not furnish a satisfactory lubricant. Neither does the natural oil from the Rumanian wells. The only really good lubricant is furnished by the oil fields in eastern Galicia.

IT was for this vital reason that when the Nazis consented to the Russian grab of the eastern half of Poland in 1939, they insisted upon a special arrangement by which the Galician oil fields were leased to them by the Russians. From September, 1939, until June, 1941, while Soviet Russia was in actual possession of eastern Galicia, the fields were worked under the supervision of Nazi engineers and the oil was sent to Germany. Since 1941 the Nazis have been in possession. Should Germany lose these oil fields, she will have a real problem to contend with.

Machines must be run by men. Without sufficient manpower to operate its gigantic set-up, the Wehrwirtschaft would stop dead.

It would be foolish to contend that the Nazis do not have all the manpower they need for defensive purposes. They herded it together from the four corners of Europe. We may call it slave labor, but it remains manpower just the same. Willingly or grudgingly, this manpower does the work while it is fed.

While it is fed! At this point enters the economic factor that reduces the holding-out capacity of Nazi Germany to a mathematical equation.

In the early stages of the war the Nazi food problem was rather a simple one. It could be compared with a grim stage play in two acts. Act One—The Nazis looted all the food stocks in conquered countries. Act Two—The cream went to the armed forces, the police, the SS, and other Nazi organizations, and the war workers. The civilian population had to be satisfied with whatever skim milk was left.

But the play could not run indefinitely. Today there is practically no civilian population left in the Reich. Virtually all Germans—men, women, and even children—have entered the essential food classes. All belong to the vastly expanded armed and protective forces, the Hitler Youth, the war workers. Humans can fight or work only so long as they eat.

Nor is that all. To maintain production for the support of a greatly increased war establishment, the Nazis had to import an alien working population that gradually reached and then

Germany's fighting ability depends on certain vital territories. When these go, she is through. An expert tells where the breaks will come

went well above the ten million mark. They had to feed them all, likewise the more than eight million Czechs—workers and their families—in the Protectorate and some six million Polish workers in the Gouvernement Général. They also had to feed all the millions of Danes, Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen, and Italians who support the various Quisling regimes or must work for the Nazi war effort in their native lands. All told, the Nazis had to provide, in some measure, food for more than 150,000,000 hungry mouths. Their food problem grew to titanic proportions.

It must be admitted that the problem was solved. The Nazis found the food for all the millions that fight or work for them. They did it by cutting out varieties, standardizing the diet and basing it on scientifically determined caloric contents. As a matter of fact, this caloric formula is not very much below the average of food calories that we Americans absorb in our variegated diet. Some of the alien contingents, especially those from eastern Europe, eat better today than they did in their native lands at the outbreak of the war.

The caloric formula of the Nazi diet is based on three principal food staples. They are, in the order of their importance, grain, potatoes, and soybeans—the substitute for meat. To a lesser degree the caloric formula is aided by other vegetables.

Nature forbade the Nazis to raise their food staples wherever they pleased. Pressed for quantity, they had to select the lands best adapted for the cultivation of the various staples. It is with the retention or loss of these lands that the Nazi food situation remains satisfactory or falls to pieces.

THE overpropagandized granary of the Ukraine proved a typical Hitler chimera. The Nazis got enough out of the Ukraine to feed their armies in Russia and slave labor employed on the spot, but not much more. In time they might have developed the country, but they weren't given the chance. Its loss does not affect their food situation vitally.

But, coupled with the Ukraine loss, the year 1943 brought another painful food setback. During the first war years Yugoslavia was an important contributor to the Nazi agricultural larder. Following the Italian collapse the Partisan movement raised havoc in Yugoslavia. Many crops were destroyed. The Nazis got little of the harvest.

In a report submitted to the Supreme Command in December, 1943, Reich Food Minister Herbert Backe dealt at length with the food factor of the Wehrwirtschaft. He explained that the chaotic conditions in Yugoslavia must be ended to secure the largest possible harvest for the coming year. To make up for the loss of the Ukraine grain lands, he recommended the highest possible exploitation of the agricultural potential of the Lombardy Plain and of southern France. He also based his forecast on the retention of Holland, Bessarabia, and eastern Galicia.

Herr Backe had every reason to be worried. Aside from the harvest in the Reich proper, the Nazis must get their principal grain crops for 1944 from Walachia, northern Yugoslavia, the Lombardy Plain, and the south of France. This is all the more important because,

(*Continued on page 69*)

EUROPEAN PHOTO

Conquered countries add their store to German larder. Butter from Denmark

HOW IS YOUR POSTWAR PLAN?

BY BURNET HERSHEY

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

We've been hit by a new national craze—postwar planning. Practically everybody's dreamed up at least one scheme. Maybe you'll find yours here

ALMOST overnight a gigantic blueprint industry has sprung up in the United States. It is the postwar planning business. It is an energetic enterprise, zealously and painstakingly pursued by those engaged in it—the postwar planners. No official count of their numbers is possible, because a postwar planner may be an individual of either sex and any age. But, according to some self-appointed tabulators, there must be well over eighty million of them in this country alone.

Just as diverse and numerous is their stock in trade—the postwar plan. There is no standard test for what constitutes a postwar plan. Johnny, for example, is looking ahead to the day when priorities, whatever they are, will relent and let him have a real-metal toy train. His engineer father dreams of standardizing the railway systems of Europe, Russia, and Persia, and of bringing them to a common gauge.

Medical men envision the advances they will make against, say, malaria with the new weapons now available. Engineers trace inky networks of transportation lines around models of the globe. A serviceman in a foreign land dreams of thirty or forty ice-cream sodas lined up on the counter of a certain corner drugstore. One or more organizations project some form of federated world government. A soldier's wife puts down as her notion of a perfect postwar system a large closet lined with shelves of shoes and a deep drawer filled with dozens of pairs of nylon hose.

It's fascinating, this newly flourishing profession; and this reporter set out to learn what makes it tick. He found the darnedest collection of plans—and planners. He found them in big cities and he found them in hamlets. And they have one thing in common: all have their eyes focused on the same rainbow's end—a prosperous, unending peace.

He also found two broad schools of thought on the postwar plan. One is the frequently expressed government view that too much postwar anticipation has slowed the war effort. The unrestrained optimist, the victory-around-the-corner boys and girls, are looked upon as saboteurs of the all-out war psychology. Postwar planners, according to this view, have to be reminded by the Allied High Command that the most deadly battles are still to come.

At Army Headquarters in Washington's Pentagon Building, for example, the general sentiment was that time spent on visionary projects for tomorrow does little but delay the dawning of the bright new day. Military men on the whole are silent on the question of postwar readjustments for the very practical reason that their hands are full with winning the war—the essential prelude to any postwar period at all. "First things first" is their philosophy.

On the civilian side of the inquiry, many forthright and earnest Americans are equally convinced of the necessity of thinking and planning for tomorrow's world. The military defeat of the enemy will not in itself, they claim, spell victory, and since the military victory seems to be a foregone conclusion, it's high time to consider what can and will be done with it.

Joe's wife will have shoes and nylons.

Postwar dreams of G. I. Joe are simple, never abstract—like sodas at the drugstore.

Dr. Charles E. Merriam, who was vice-chairman of the National Resources Planning Board and a pioneer in the postwar planning business, points out that planners are not Utopian dreamers. Instead, the real visionaries are those who believe the future will somehow reveal a beneficent Santa Claus without help from human study of the problems. He is convinced that long-range planning in wartime is particularly necessary because of the greater tendency to make hasty compromises for military immediacy—which create greater problems for future solution. Anyway, there's nothing to stop any one from dreaming and from talking about his dreams, or even from selling them to editors or sending them to Presidents, Prime Ministers, and Premier-Marshals. And, strangely enough, the servicemen who are fighting to retain their world seem the least concerned about radical changes in its structure, whether political, moral, architectural, or gastronomical.

Hendrik Willem van Loon, the historian, says there are no fewer than 258 separate organizations formed for the sole purpose of propagating their ideas about the reorganization of mankind. The Columbia Broadcasting System, it-

All of us have a postwar plan and each fellow's idea of Eden differs from his neighbor's. But the whole world looks forward to peace.

self engaged in the postwar planning sweepstakes, has listed about 1,000 books already published on the subject, and every week brings at least one new addition to the list. The Twentieth Century Fund found enough names, addresses, and brief purpose notes to fill a standard-sized directory of duly incorporated groups making plans to plan the future.

In the face of all this, it is encouraging to report that many of these innumerable congeries actually have something feasible to suggest. They are not all just international kibitzers, starry-eyed do-gooders, or plain crackpots, not by any means. The CBS Post-War Division cites a full dozen proposals as practical possibilities. Most of them, it is true, are official or semi-official alternatives that have been edited by persons with actual experience in administering public affairs and are of world-wide size. But the great majority of plans are on matters that more nearly touch the various Main Streets where Americans forgather and do business. These divide roughly into such groups as Management, Labor, Finance, Agriculture, and Medicine, the sections of our nation which will one day be held responsible for our readiness to meet the peace.

MANAGEMENT divides its worry about equally between work on speedy postwar conversion of its plants to peaceful products, and the long-range possibilities of losing old or gaining new markets. Financial men are puzzling over new methods of exchange, and whether to return to a gold standard, a problem made more acute by Russia's recent announcement that the U. S. S. R. would be on a postwar gold basis in international dealings. Three hundred banking institutions, chambers of commerce, and economic bodies have devised and published individual programs for sweeping changes all along the line from the social system to the packaging of guest bar soap. General Motors Corp. announces that it will invest $500,000,000 in its own vast postwar projects. The Pabst Brewing Co. offers $25,000 to the lucky entrant in its postwar planning contest. From a thousand other industrial loud-speakers echo similar demands for additional blueprints of the future.

This war, the business men declare, is different from World War I. Dollar-a-year men of that war dashed home about the day after the armistice. The network of economic control promptly got into a snarl and tripped our country into three major depressions in two decades. Today's economic planning for the forthcoming peace, they say, must prove we have learned the lessons of that mistake and those depressions.

Some blueprints have already entered the practical phase of being put into operation. In twenty-five major industries conversion to consumer goods has begun in part, and the end results very likely will startle most of us by the time we learn the whole story and see what we are going to get. However, the success of these plans will depend finally on how wisely the government chooses its policies of contract termination, inventory disposal, and unloading of the 1,753 plants it has spent nine billions of dollars to build for war.

The aviation industry, which for wartime purposes has nosed out automobiles as No. 1 U. S. behemoth, is not looking for a blueprint. It wants a miracle. Plane builders are frantically trying to equal the marvelous conceptions of the comic-strip believers who expect tomorrow's aircraft to outdo Superman. Responsible heads of plane factories plaintively advise the public that there's no substance in those rosy dreams of helicopters parked on every roof and winged jaloppies housed in every woodshed.

On the other hand, the manufacturers of motorcars expect to get back their position as the Mr. Bigs of American production. In 1944 an increase in production of 50 per cent over 1943 is planned as negotiations near completion with various war boards for return of factories no longer needed to meet war demands. The effect of all this on the far-flung plans of other planners is necessarily profound, since it reaches into every metal and mechanical worker's home. The possible adoption of new methods—plastics—may disrupt many old prewar techniques and crafts such as mining, refining, and processing ores. War may prove to have been simple compared with the dangers and unsettlements of peace, at least for industry.

GROWERS and purveyors, the farmers and food merchants, dealing in the most basic of all human needs, look for a vast surplus of foodstuffs to be relinquished by military forces at war's end, and elaborate schemes have been devised to ease this out upon the markets so the effect will not be disastrous, as was the sudden sugar dumping back in 1920.

Organized labor plans—so far as they can be generalized from the multitude of specific details for betterment of individual craft groups—seem to center chiefly on consolidating the privileged position labor has secured during the past ten years in the U. S. A curious paradox is discovered in the fact that many of labor's postwar blueprints for domestic policy are strongly isolation-

(*Continued on page 59*)

THE LOVE OF LUCKY

He was a little black mongrel puppy and he revered his master with a love that overcame instinct in the early desperate days at Guadalcanal

BY RICHARD HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

"I HAVE only known love once," said Retenu, the old Marine sergeant from New Orleans. "I mean love that the wise men talk about. Love that is as true as the wheelings of the stars and as eternal as God."

He lighted a cigarette. The flare of the match in the night showed the seamed face of the little Frenchman. He was squatting on his thighs. His expression was thoughtful.

"It is unusual to find such love in war," he continued. He chose his words precisely, with a certain relish in the syllables. "But I found it once in the early days of Guadalcanal.

"Those were not days like these when Henderson Field is a great air base and nothing from the north can touch it without disaster. Then it was a level patch of black dirt cut out of the jungle, squared on three sides by the vicious little Japanese fighters, on the fourth by the ocean.

"But it had compensations. One was alive, you understand. There was no boredom. All of us lived in an atmosphere of continual and electric excitement. Nothing, not even the lacing of a shoe or going to the latrine, was commonplace.

"WE lived, as it were, in the midst of a heroic poem. That will sound foolish to you who know that war is dirty, foul, and unspeakably ruinous. But I do not glorify war when I say that living with disaster is a great adventure which clears the mind and, so the doctors tell me, cleanses the blood.

"One had the same feeling hour by hour, waking or sleeping, of taking part in a kind of cosmic bravado. We had a rising sense of almost unbearable satisfaction in the defiance of death, of the inevitable which stalked all of us like a beast.

"I recall a friend of mine, a fat and ragged corporal, who greeted me every morning with the same words: 'Well, I'm not dead yet.'

"The blood and the pain and the hazards of tomorrow were forgotten in the ubiquitous present. That was all one lived for.

"It was all that Lucky loved and lived for."

Retenu blew the ashes from the end of his cigarette.

"He was a dog," he said gravely. "A mongrel. He was part of the booty when we captured Henderson Field. His mother was a Japanese bitch, left when the Imperial Sixth Marines of the emperor retreated. His father was unknown. When Harry Olds picked up Lucky, the dog was no more than a fistful of warm black fur.

"Olds was a captain of Marines. He was redheaded and gangling, with a smile as shy as a girl's. He knew all about those 90-millimeter antiaircraft guns that will shoot perhaps five miles into the air. He had been an expert adviser on them to the Chinese government in 1939. He had come home to fight against the Japanese for his own country.

"We were in the third wave that made the first landing on the beach of Guadalcanal. As we jumped over the side of the Higgins boat—it was the old-style craft—that humid August morning, Olds was first up the beach. I remember the spurts of sand that jumped beside us and the flashes of the Japanese Nambu light machine guns firing from the curtain of jungle.

"Olds threw himself behind a palm log. I was beside him. We lay there getting our breath and inching our rifles around the log.

Suddenly we heard a squeal. Olds jerked up his gun. So did I. We had the same thought: a Japanese.

"It was Lucky, a teetering ball of fur, squealing piteously. Olds frowned and scooped him in. As he did, a bullet kicked splinters from the log. One stuck in his hand. Another caught Lucky in the rump. Neither wound was more than a scratch.

"Olds grinned. 'Purple Heart for two,' he whispered."

Retenu inhaled deeply. The cigarette end glowed and faded.

"The first big guns that came ashore were the antiaircraft rifles of Olds," he went on. "He mounted them on a knoll near Pagoda Hill. He dug a foxhole around them for the crew, and built a sandbagged shelter underneath. He was ready.

"THE Japanese dive bombers and twin-engined planes made daily daylight raids in those days. Olds never paid too much attention to the Aichis. His job was to pick off the high-level Mitsubishis.

"In the days that followed, it became my custom to go to his hill and watch him as he fired. He had his range finder and calculator on top of the hill, and stayed there until the last possible minute. He would keep a powerful pair of field glasses trained on the formations of Japanese bombers.

"'Bomb bays open!' he would say, and I would dive into the foxhole so as not to be in his way. 'Bombs away!' he would add, and dive after me. Not too hurriedly, of course. At 23,000 feet he had nearly eighteen seconds before they would hit.

"He was a very good shot, this Olds," said Retenu dreamily. "I once saw his four guns pick off five bombers in a row from a Japanese formation. Pouf—pouf—pouf—pouf—pouf— I often wonder what the sixth and last man in that arm of the Japanese V must have thought."

He put out his cigarette and took another from a proffered pack. He lit it carefully.

"Lucky was his closest friend," he said. "Lucky went everywhere with Olds. He became a shambling little dog with a huge tail, a pink nose, and enormous feet.

"He also became a dog of war. I know of no other way to describe it.

"He had no fear, yet he knew exactly what bombs and bullets and shells could do. He would dive into his own little foxhole, a kennel made of three sandbags below the antiaircraft guns, at exactly the proper moment. The second that danger was past, Lucky would bustle out, inspecting the damage with his pink nose and padding about on his absurd feet.

"IN a word, Lucky was a veteran. He was battle-wise. He had the honest respect of an old campaigner for the weapons of war. He was no coward, but he knew exactly what to expect.

"He saw his own mother killed. She ran out on the field during a Japanese raid. Lucky yelped at her, trying to warn her to his own shelter, but she would not heed. A shell from Millimeter Mike, the Japanese field gun back in the jungle, hit the landing strip. One of the bits of casing caught the old bitch and tore off part of her head.

"Lucky went out afterward and sniffed the body. He nuzzled it for a long time, and then tried to howl. He was very sad. It would have been a melancholy sight except that his howl was so small and laughable.

"After that, I noticed, he increased his caution."

Retenu pointed the tip of his cigarette in a short arc.

"It was over there," he continued, "that it happened. Olds had his battery just there. Lucky's foxhole was below. It is gone now, but even in this darkness I could go and put my hand upon the spot.

"It was during one of the September raids. The Japanese came over at half past ten in the morning. As I have said, Olds paid no attention to the dive bombers. He began firing at those dots in the sky. That I consider to have been his mistake.

"He was watching the Mitsubishis with his glasses when one of the dive bombers came down. I saw it from the corner of my eye and shouted a warning. He did not hear me in time. Nor did he hear Lucky's warning yelp.

"The explosion of the bomb—it must have been 350 pounds—blew Olds from

"One of the bombers came down. I shouted a warning. He did not hear me in time. Nor did he hear Lucky's warning yelp."

the hilltop down to the coral strip below.

"I saw him writhing in pain. He was still alive, but I could not go to his help. The other bombers had come down. The spot was alive with shrapnel and shook like jelly with concussion. Antiaircraft emplacements are good targets for dive bombers."

Retenu shrugged. "I say I saw him," he declared. "But I only imagine. My face was in the dirt of the foxhole. I saw nothing until later. But Olds was still alive in the middle of that hell of high explosive.

"One squadron of Aichis had made the dive. Now another was preparing to dive. I looked out to see Olds and I heard Lucky whining.

"It was a whine of fear. I have rarely heard such an awful sound—and, believe me, I have heard very many. It was the soul of that little dog being torn from his body.

"Bit by bit, I saw Lucky's black body come out of his foxhole. The terrible spectacle of his progress so held me that I forgot to be a coward myself and return to safety in the bottom of my own shelter.

"The puppy dragged himself down the slope inch by inch. His whole body was quivering with terror. It was a marvel that any physical control remained. He kept his eyes and his head up, fixed on the Aichis that were already peeling off in their dive. But always he dragged himself toward Olds. Always he kept up that monotone of a whine which pierces my ears when I remember.

"I do not know what the little dog wanted to do. He could not have dragged Olds to safety even if he had had the strength. There was no time, only seconds, before the next bomb would strike.

"But he knew somehow that his whole being, his whole life, was wrapped up in that wounded man lying before him. Lucky, knowing the death that would be his, knowing perfectly what a coward he was, preferred to be with his own.

"His whine was lost in the feathery whisper of the bombs. The ground shook again, and the explosions broke the spell of fear that held me. I ran down the hill and dragged Olds to shelter."

Retenu threw away his cigarette. "I found Lucky a little later," he said tonelessly. "He was dead. He looked again the way we had found him, like a ball of fur. But the fur was ruffled now. Two bits of shrapnel no longer than match heads had gone through his body.

"I received a medal for heroism. There was nothing to be done about that. I buried it with Lucky—which was a foolish and sentimental gesture.

"Olds and I never spoke about Lucky. The captain was evacuated for wounds in the chest and legs and sent back to the United States. I have heard since that he is married.

"I often wonder if he asks his wife, as husbands do, if she loves him. I suppose she would think it queer if he asked her if she loved him as much as a little black mongrel puppy once loved him at Guadalcanal."

THE END

CHINESE ARMY—AMERICAN STYLE

The papers are carrying stories of the exploits of a new Chinese Army. Its training and equipment are American G. I., but its fighting qualities are its own

BY

DAVID G. WITTELS

CHANG WU, who had trudged a thousand miles to join the Army after the Japs had swept, killing and raping, into his native Kiangsu Province, now crouched in the jungle of the Indo-Burma front. He fondled his American tommy gun and awaited the signal to attack the hated *ti jen*.

"*Ni hao ma?*" whispered the sergeant beside him. "*Hun hao,*" replied Chang Wu. And he did feel very good. He was thirty pounds bigger than when he came out of the hell of the Burma retreat. His belly was content and his rice bag crammed. The gun in his hands was, he knew, a *ding how* one, and he knew how to use it. He had a medal which gave him much face because it announced he was a marksman. He had much ammunition. He desired now the moment when he could shoot it at the enemy, the monkey men, and kill them.

The moment came. The regimental commander gave the signal for the attack. Chang Wu rose and charged, not forgetting what he had been taught about using cover, but not forgetting, either, to go always forward—*wang ch'ien!* Down the ravine swept the Chinese troops. The Japs, startled by the spectacle of Chinese taking the initiative, attacking so grimly, so assuredly, in a few minutes broke and retired. This was something new, and Jap troops are not trained to cope with new situations.

The last land or sea door to Free China had been slammed shut when the Japanese broke the thin British and Chinese lines in Burma in the late spring of 1942 and cut the Burma Road. Now these Chinese soldiers like Chang Wu are smashing out a path through the Japs—ahead of the U. S. Army engineers building a new road for supplies to keep China potent in the war.

These are not the comic-opera Chinese soldiers of a generation ago who fought only by daylight, carried umbrellas, and often called off the battle on account of rain. They are not the Chinese troops—dogged and brave but unequipped and unskilled in offensive warfare—of yesteryear. Chang Wu and his comrades are a new kind of Chinese soldier. They are almost strictly G. I—as, if they would put it, *mei kuo fa chi*, which means American Issue. They are aptly called the New First Chinese Army.

They are equipped with American weapons and have been trained by American experts in their use. They have been taught American tactics and strategy and are operating like American troops. An offensive outlook and spirit has been instilled into them. This was not at all hard to do. Brigadier General Frederick McCabe, in charge of the literally unique international camp where thousands of them are being trained, says flatly: "They are good enough to fight in any league." And so they have been proving.

It is up to these expatriate G. I. Chinese troops in India to cut their way back home to China. When that is done they inevitably will become the nucleus for a whole new kind of Chinese Army—American style—equipped with armaments flowing through the new door they opened.

This American issue Chinese Army was born the blackest day of the Allied defeat and retreat from Burma. It was May 1, 1942. At eleven o'clock that morning an unarmed DC-3 passenger plane landed at Shwebo, the last established American headquarters of that campaign. How that plane got through remains a mystery to this day, except perhaps to the pilot, Colonel Caleb Haines, later brigadier general in command of the Air Forces in Assam. The Japs dominated the skies that morning. Only a few minutes before, our entire bomber force of twenty-seven planes

At American training base in India, Chinese students pick up fine points of machine gunnery.

had flown by, fleeing Burma. Haines did not even have a map. Yet he came in, responding to a radio message from Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell for a plane to evacuate key officers.

General Stilwell called off fifteen names of men to go in that plane. Then, as they tossed important papers into musette bags, he talked swiftly to Colonel Richard M. Sandusky and two others.

In the midst of disaster he was planning for tomorrow. He told those three to set up a headquarters in India and to find a suitable place where whatever Chinese troops managed to escape to India could be equipped and trained into a new army.

The plane got out. Then began the terrible, now already legendary and oft described walk out of Burma by General Stilwell, the remainder of his staff, and refugees picked up along the way. By the time the party got out of Burma, Colonel Sandusky and his aides had already found the place to prepare the Chinese survivors for the comeback.

IT was a British camp situated in a rich, healthy, rolling country, sprawled over 30,000 acres in northeastern India. It had fine barracks already built and plenty of adjoining land suitable for maneuvers, artillery practice, and training in jungle warfare. It will be referred to as Diwali in this article, because the Japs aren't supposed to know exactly where it is yet.

So swiftly did things move that General McCabe arrived at Diwali, after escaping from Burma with General Stilwell, before any Chinese troops to speak of had even got out of Burma, and before any one had any idea how many would reach India or when they would arrive.

The first trainload of Chinese troops who came into Diwali were not in bad shape. But later batches showed horribly the hell they had been through. Two thirds of the Chinese soldiers in one trainload of forty-two cars had to be lifted off and carried straight to the hospital. Some had died en route. All were ragged, filthy, frightfully emaciated, and tortured by disease. They had been forced to take the nightmarish road through Taro, Shingowivang, Tipand, and Ledo. Caught in the thick of the monsoon, on the furtive march through uncharted jungle for four months, they paid a terrific price for their escape into India.

One tiny baggage car carried all their equipment and supplies except what they had on their backs. Only about 5 per cent had rifles, an assorted lot of ancient German, Russian, Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss make. Here and there a soldier had a duck under his arm, a few vegetables, or a few sticks of firewood, foraged along the way. When the Americans tried to collect these from them before putting them into barracks where there was plenty of food and fuel awaiting them, the Chinese refused. *"Mei yu,"* they exclaimed, *"mei yu!"* Which means, literally, "Not have!"

They had been so long accustomed to foraging for themselves that they trusted no one. They did not believe in Santa Claus. They listened politely to the promises that there would be plenty of food and fuel not only that day but every day thereafter. Even when food and fuel were shown them, they still apparently did not believe it. When told that each man would get two pounds of rice, a half pound of fresh meat, a half pound of vegetables, one third of an ounce of salt, one third of an ounce of tea, three pounds of firewood and plenty of cooking oil per day, they listened impassively, but their eyes betrayed disbelief. When a week's supply of food was issued to them all at once, they ate most of it immediately and hid the rest.

It took time to break that down. The Chinese seemed to be saying to themselves: "Why are these foreigners doing this? What do they want?" They took the food and clothing (paid for by the British and Indian governments) and the American weapons, from pistols to heavy artillery (paid for out of an American loan to China and through America-China Lend-Lease), but remained aloof, suspicious, resistant to the new ways.

There was, fortunately, the saving grace of humor. Each side soon discovered that the other loved laughter and, astonishingly, that both had much the same kind of sense of humor. The Chinese troops indulged in exactly the same kind of horseplay American boys did—wrestling, tripping, shoving, hiding things on each other, practical jokes. After a while the Americans learned that the Chinese are as addicted to "wisecracks" as we are. The Chinese, in turn, discovered that we, too, enjoy kidding, even if turned on ourselves.

ONE day Brigadier General William E. Bergin, administrative head of the training center, told Major General Shu Shih-Tsun, chief of staff of the New First Chinese Army, that for a year he had tried to learn Chinese. "But I had to give it up," he shrugged. General Shu nodded understandingly. "And I," he said blandly through an interpreter, "tried to learn English. But I had to give it up." General Bergin, a devotee of barbed repartee, gulped, then laughed and saluted General Shu. From that moment they were good friends.

Another time there was a meeting of American and Chinese officers to discuss safety factors. There had been several accidents involving military vehicles driven by Chinese. "Your men are driving too fast," declared an American officer. "They are reckless." A Chinese general rose and bowed. "That is true," he said, his face impassive. "We regret it. But you Americans are teaching us so many things. Perhaps we are learning some from you without being taught."

These exchanges are not very funny in print, but the point is that the Chinese seemed faintly surprised that the Americans not only caught on that they were being ribbed, but relished it. This in some measure gave them respect for the Americans. Most Chinese consider

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SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

esson at an AA gun. Chinese think American equipment and instructors "ding how" (O. K.). They are ready for offensive against Japan.

KINDNESS'LL KILL

A dramatic story of the timber country and of a boy in a tough spot who proved that a lifetime of pampering had not made him a softy

BY HAROLD TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

ON a morning as bad as that, any district conservation officer's mind should have been on forest fire and nowhere else. On fire; hanging like a puppy to a root. But Joe Bell's mind wasn't.

As he drove toward headquarters before sunup, shade trees bobbed in a gusty breeze, which meant she'd blow a gagger by noon. There'd been no rain for two weeks; not a drop of dew last night. At two o'clock, when he flopped into bed, Joe had seven fires running, and it was a cinch they were still loose, but the old coot hardly remembered. No, sir; a day like that, with his six Michigan counties ready to explode, his crusty mind was all cluttered up with thoughts about—would you believe it?—love!

He rolled through a stop street and growled out loud:

"Be a hell pussy on iron wheels and no two ways!"

His voice, all hoarse from smoke, was on fire all right. But after thirty years of hating and fighting fire, his mind was diddling around with a brace of boys and a girl, and wondering which boy would get the girl and which the air. Yes, sir; a morning like *that!*

I'll tell you why Joe Bell was that way. It was because, twelve-fourteen years before, he'd picked up a kid a truck had knocked down, and seen a look he hoped he'd never have to see again.

"'S all right, son," he'd said, his voice all shakes from the look in those eyes. "Hurts like Billy-be-damned, but it's all right. I'm telling you, all *right!*" he'd said, and, tough as he was, his insides just turned over.

No kid of his own, see? There'd been one once for a few days and that'd been that. Maybe if his own kid had lived, he wouldn't have been what he was—hard as nails. Square as they come but hard. Folks said he'd arrest his own mother if he caught her with a trout a sixty-fourth of an inch under size. On fires he'd hold men on the line until their shirts charred, and wither 'em with his own special curses if they complained. No time for anybody who wouldn't do what they had to do right up to the last notch—whether it was on a job or standing up to what life can throw in men's faces.

But there he stood, holding a kid's busted body, and Morty Nessen looking at him as if Joe was the last thing this side of hell, and his toughness all went to dough. Maybe it was the pay-off for holding back what he'd wanted to feel for so many years and hadn't let himself.

He helped the doctor set that leg, tossed all night, and was back at the Nessen place next morning, and most mornings after that for a spell, and lots of evenings, too—provided he got in from patrol before a six-year-old kid should be in the hay. He was just an ordinary county conservation officer those days.

But he wouldn't let on it was the kid that worried him. Not Joe Bell, who'd rawhided men since anybody could remember! Nobody was going to know the feeling planted when Morty looked at him that afternoon, took hold and grew. Outside, he stayed rough and gruff and covered up his inside changes with a pack of lies.

"That woman!" he'd say, meaning Morty's mother. "Widow with doctor bills! Nothing better set that kid back or they'll be on the town for sure, and we're taxed to death as 'tis!" he'd say.

And after Morty got rid of the crutches and was trying to get action in that ankle, Joe'd take him along on easy patrols.

A kid a truck had knocked down.

"How's a kid goin' to work on a bummed-up joint with three women cluckin' over him?" he'd snort. (Morty had two older sisters.) "Women'll ruin him. No, sir," he'd say. "What the kid needs is a man to drive him."

It was lucky nobody ever caught him out in the brush with Morty, guarding him from slips and stumbles, snapping "Don't" or "Careful" every other breath, and mumbling oaths when he saw the leg get strong and the ankle stay stiff.

Then that winter it was scarlet fever, and the kid came out with a bad ear. All Joe talked about for days was how was a kid when he grew up going to be worth a cent if he had poor hearing along with only one good foot? The way kids were turning out nowadays—not worth a tinker's dam, most of 'em—it was a crime to see accidents and disease cutting into the supply. Of course, this Morty mightn't be worth wasting breath on—chances were he wasn't, but you never could tell.

The thing behind all those lies was what kept Joe's mind off the job this morning we're talking about. Until Morty began to hold jobs nobody'd guessed how he felt about the boy. Oh, Joe's wife had, maybe, but she knew the blasting she'd get if she let on, so she swallowed it all. When other folks began to suspect, they got a kick out of it, but none of them ever dared do anything but listen with a straight face.

There was the filling-station boss, the summer Mort was fourteen. Soon's Mort started pumping gas, Joe began to buy there, and he'd talk to the boss every chance he got.

"Little fool's always biting off more'n he can chew," Joe'd say. "Got to hold him down, account that ankle," he'd say. "Won't get you every time either, with one ear half shot. Got to ride him constant to hold him back," he'd say, sounding as if somebody'd better look out if Mort wasn't held back.

It was the same thing when Mort went into a garage after high school. Good mechanic, a natural—and right off Joe's car needed lots of service, and he always made it his business to talk to the foreman.

"Just because he's quiet, don't miss what he's got on the ball," Joe'd say, mustache bristling as if nobody'd better miss. "But there's that ankle and that ear. They call for *handlin',*" he'd say, narrowing up his eyes and nodding his head kind of threatening.

So on. Smoothing things out. Making everybody make it easy for Mort. Giving them laughs among themselves, but getting his way, at that. Feeling uneasy about it, though, just as he felt uneasy every time he was around Mort. A man's bound to feel uneasy when he acts unnatural. Coddling wasn't Joe's dish by a long shot.

THEN war broke, and garage mechanics got let out, and Mort was one. But the Army came in to build a big airfield. The contractor grabbed Mort, along with every other man loose, and put him on a tractor, and the kid went to town. As good a man as you'd find, if you favored him a little, the contractor told Joe, because Joe was right in there at the start seeing that the kid got the breaks.

And so on. . . . Which gets us up to the March day Mort asked Joe for a job.

"They won't touch me," he said. "Army, Navy—none of 'em. That leaves me out of work," he said in his quiet, solemn way.

"Why, in Detroit they're *beggin'* for mechanics!" Joe said.

"Yes," Mort said, turning his gray eyes out at the hills west of town where brown patches showed among melting drifts. "I could go. Lots have. But," he said, "how're jobs like this going to keep on? I hear you're awful short-handed."

No two ways about that one. Joe'd lost men right and left.

"You mean," he said, "you'd pass up

"Crowd her!" Joe yelled. Young Mort shrank from getting in close. See?

big dough to work for state wages?"

"All the kids that've gone from here into the Army like this country as it is," Mort said with a good straight look. "I'd be helping keep it right for them when they get back. Besides, there's the timber to protect. And, too—well, that's it, I guess."

Joe was so steamed up at the prospect that he didn't get the queer look in the boy's face when he hesitated over something else he'd started to say. When he did recall it, a creep went down his back, because when Mort talked about the importance of keeping fires down and so on, he was on the up-and-up all right. But behind his passing up Detroit was something else, and it was kind of queer.

Anyhow, that's how Mort got to be equipment operator, just as Bonny Kelland got to be towerman—or towerwoman. She quit her job of hostess in the hotel dining room because she figured spotting forest-fire smoke was more important.

FOR the first weeks Joe was so busy feeling lucky he didn't have time to see worry cooking under his nose. He'd never had an equipment operator handier at tuning trucks and tractors and pumps than Mort. In early spring, while things were wet and safe, Mort cut the buck maintaining fire lines and truck trails, never having to be told a thing more than once, and every now and then having ideas that were daisies. Joe had to battle not to let on how proud he was.

A couple of times, though, when Joe was coaching Mort on fire fighting and explaining the jams a man can get into, some look or word of the kid's sent that creep up his back. He couldn't peg it, but something wasn't right. He shoved the notion away, like you will when you dodge a suspicion you don't want to have. He could dodge it easy enough, too, by watching what was coming up between Mort and Bonny.

This Bonny, now—little and dark and pretty and bright as they come; half the kids in town had been talking to themselves about her, one time or another. Mort, with his quietness and limp and all, hadn't been among those present, but after they started working for the same outfit, it didn't take him long.

One rainy day Joe set them abstracting records, and even an old jigger like he was could see Mort'd been sent for. After that, Joe watched. Mornings, when the towers radioed in, he'd see Mort stop dead and listen for Bonny's voice. If Bonny came into headquarters when Mort was there, he'd straighten his tie or slick down his light hair. Joe saw them going into the movie, nights, Mort walking with his little hop-along but chin up and eyes shining. Joe'd get all warm inside because he had to admit they made a pair he'd like to draw to.

Then one June night he went into the drugstore, and there was Bonny drinking cokes with a young airfield lieutenant, and Joe recalled how extra quiet Mort had been getting lately.

He did some tall wondering on that one—about what the lieutenant had that Mort didn't, and he got crabbier than ever when he couldn't find an answer. When he did get a line on one possible answer, he had about the worst

(*Continued on page 62*)

It's worth a little more to have the vegetables you buy prepared for canning in such surroundings as these.

The Pro and Con

Will labeling merchandise by government grades benefit or harm the country? Is it feasible? Is it sensible? From these facts you can find your own answer

No matter what you pay,
There is none finer than Grade A.

THIS unpoetic little jingle does not sound like something that could raise the blood pressure of thousands of people, rock the OPA from stem to stern, and indirectly bring about an act of Congress. And yet it, or rather the idea behind it, did.

The idea is grade labeling. What is grade labeling? How does it concern you and me?

Grade or ABC labeling is a method of marking A, B, or C, according to quality, the retail goods you buy. It is proposed to make this marking compulsory under federal supervision. It sounds so simple you wonder why it was not tried long ago. It was. In medieval times, standards for the quality of bread and other goods were set by law.

Spices were labeled *bon, mel, opt* (good, better, best) in sixteenth-century England.

In this country grades for many products are set up by the Department of Agriculture. Any manufacturer or processor can use these government specifications if he chooses to do so and then label his products U. S. Grade A, B, or C. However, he must not only use the government specifications for each grade but submit to inspection by the Agricultural Marketing Service of the Department of Agriculture, and pay for this inspection. He can then also state upon the label that the product is manufactured or packed "under continuous government inspection." This grade labeling is now entirely voluntary.

Since the war began, however, the U. S. government has put many temporary restraints upon business as well as upon the private citizen. For example, the OPA, whose job is controlling prices to avoid inflation, flirted for a time with the idea of *compelling* industry to label by grades when possible, so that price ceilings could be more easily fixed and controlled. This has started the whole grade-labeling pot simmering again. (It has been on and off the fire for years.) What brought it to a boil was a plan, finally dropped, to have the canners grade-label their 1943 pack. But the pot really boiled over when the OPA actually issued a regulation requiring stockings to be labeled by grade, with a price ceiling upon each grade. The screams of anguish from the hosiery industry resounded in the ears of Congress, and finally, after hearings before the Boren Committee, a smack was administered to the fingers of the OPA. The smack was an amendment to the original bill creating the OPA. The amendment ordered it to attend strictly to its knitting, which does not include grade labeling.

It all sounds like much ado about nothing until you know some of the reasons behind the squabble.

Who wants grade labeling, and why? Who opposes it, and why?

Most of those in favor of grade labeling claim to represent the consumer. Some of them do. There are others, however, who are moved more by business reasons or by political theory than by concern for the consumer's everyday problems.

The main contention of the proponents of compulsory grade labeling is that consumers have no adequate guide in their buying and that grade labeling of goods is the cheapest and most satisfactory way of informing them. They

Housewives know what food brands are best. Without these trade-marks the shopper would find store shelves a wilderness. KEYSTON

# of Grade Labeling

BY RUTH McCOY HARRIS

point out that industry itself buys by grades and detailed specifications for both machinery and raw materials, but they neglect to mention that this is not a valid comparison. Industry also buys processed or "packaged" goods by brand the same as the consumer does, and seems to find satisfaction in doing so. In fact, opponents of grade labeling state, it is the different "processing methods" applied by various manufacturers to the same raw material which make grade labeling of the resultant products impossible.

The "consumer groups" believe advertising and the present descriptive labeling are inadequate chiefly because there are no definite standards of comparison; believe that "Fancy" or "Choice" upon a label means little to the average housewife.

Grade labeling, it is argued, would force the small unscrupulous element in any industry to conform to standards which the industry as a whole observe or would like to observe.

Grade labeling is not untried, those who favor it point out. It has been the practice in Canada for the past eight years, with none of the dire results to brand names and trademarks predicted by its opponents.

"Consumer" groups recently insisted, along with some but not all OPA executives, that adequate price control was impossible without grade labeling to control quality. This argument was dropped like a hot potato, however, after the temper of Congress became apparent. As a representative of one of the women's organizations said, "We felt that insistence upon grade labeling at this time might wreck the OPA, which certainly would not be to the advantage of the consumer."

WHAT do the opponents of grade labeling, manufacturers and business men generally, have to say for their stand?

First, that grade labeling is not needed. Minimum standards, plus descriptive labeling, will protect the consumer at the least expense to the taxpayer and with least restriction upon freedom of choice.

Minimum standards have been set up for many products by various government agencies. Some minimum standards are required by law. For example, under the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938, minimum standards for all canned and processed foods are gradually being worked out and set up. As they are set up, the manufacturers must observe them. The Food and Drug Administration is empowered to enforce the law.

These minimum standards are not low.

Canned tomatoes are an example. According to present law, a canner may not use the word "tomatoes" upon a label unless the food inside consists of tomatoes that are wholesome and clean, ripe, peeled, packed without added water. Any ingredients other than tomatoes, salt, and a trace of preservative must be listed on the label. These are the specifications of "identity" for canned tomatoes.

Specifications of "quality" go further. A can of tomatoes *must* meet the standards of identity listed above. But if it contains more than one square inch of peel or more than one fourth square inch of blemishes per pound, if the product is less red than a certain definite standard, or if the liquid by weight exceeds the solid, the can must be labeled "Substandard."

Besides, a can must be filled to at least 90 per cent of capacity or bear upon the label "Substandard Fill."

In addition, the name of the product, the net weight, and the name and address of the manufacturer or processor must be printed upon the label.

(*Continued on page 72*)

That was when Jerry threw the glass. It missed Casey's head by a hair's breadth.

I'LL GO MY WAY

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Kathleen (Casey) Corliss' young husband, Jerry Hayes, went to war, she got a job with the Bower Literary Agency and soon became indispensable to Harry Bower, particularly in dealing with unpredictable Kitty Price, an important client.

Casey was a great favorite, especially with Bennett Rider, a playwright who was in love with her, though with no encouragement from Casey.

She lived in a smart apartment with Mag Landon, reader of blueprints in a war plant. Mag wondered how great a readjustment would have to be made between Casey and her husband when the latter returned to America. For, fighting in Europe, Captain Gerold Payne Hayes had been wounded twice, and was coming home for good.

Torn between love for her husband and duty, Casey is called to Hollywood, leaving Jerry, hurt and baffled, an easy prey for Elaine, who makes the most of the opportunity

Jerry and Casey were overjoyed at being together again, but at a party Casey gave for him, Jerry became bitter, realizing how far away the war was from his wife and her gay friends. And Casey was furious when Elaine Duryea, uninvited, burst in with a vociferous welcome and a kiss for Jerry. He had met Elaine at Fort Dix before going overseas. Elaine was accompanied by a young naval lieutenant, Rodney Monser.

Jerry was eager to return to his native Texas; but Casey hated the idea of giving up her job, though she might have if Harry Bower had not been knocked down by a car, which was how Casey discovered that Kitty Price was in love with him, a fact about which Flora, Harry's wife, was ignorant.

PART THREE

THERE were all sorts of pictures from those next confused weeks that stayed in Casey's mind. There was the picture of all of them in the hospital room that night after Casey had said to Jerry, "It isn't a matter of what I *want* to do, for heaven's sake! What else *can* I do? After all, Harry and Flora were simply wonderful to me all the while you were away. His money paid my rent and bought my clothes—"

"My money could have."

"Jerry darling, do be sensible! How could I possibly have lived anywhere but at home with my parents or yours on the little you could send me? Besides, this way you could save your money, and now you have something put aside to do you until you—well, until you make up your mind what you want to do."

"I know what I want to do. I'm just waiting for you to come along and do it with me."

"I know, darling, and I will—if that's still what you want after you've had a month or so to brood about it. But you surely can't expect me to walk out on Harry when he's flat on his back with a broken leg!"

"You're quite a little fixer, Casey," Jerry had said grimly, "aren't you?"

"I don't see how you can say a thing like that. Aren't you being a little unreasonable?"

They'd had a silent and tasteless dinner in a little restaurant she knew of that wasn't too expensive. The early-morning fog through which Harry had groped his myopic way had thickened to pea-soup density. The dampness was making Jerry's leg ache. He didn't say so, and yet she knew it. His face was gray and he didn't talk very much. She wondered if she ought to speak about it, or whether it was better to pretend she didn't know about it.

She had said finally, reluctantly, "I promised Flora I'd go back to the hospital tonight. She has to put her daughter on a train for Florida, and she didn't want Harry to be alone, his first night there."

She didn't add that Harry, in a moment alone with her, had begged her to come back. Kitty had spent the afternoon propped up at a bar, and had become somewhat maudlin, complaining that Flora had never understood Harry, that she had tricked him into marrying her, and that Kitty would like to tell her so. And Harry was afraid she might.

He hadn't looked like Harry Bower, New York's mightiest and shrewdest literary agent. He'd looked like a middle-aged man, sick and in pain, irritated and frightened by a mistress who threatened to get out of control and ruin everything. With all her brisk efficiency, Casey had promised him she could take care of Kitty, and his relief had been immense.

Jerry had gone to the hospital with her, and there was the picture of that forever in her mind afterward. There was the picture of Jerry standing at the foot of Harry's bed and wishing he were somewhere else. There was Kitty's bright voice running on and on inexhaustibly, talking about Hollywood and stories and prices that seemed fantastic and unreal, and her voice breaking off to say over and over again, "Darling, are you *sure* you're not in pain? Isn't there *any*thing? . . . Well, all right, but don't snap at me." There was Flora coming in later, her small pink face ready to cry above her fabulous silver fox, and Harry saying, "Now, Flora—" And there was Kitty eying Harry's wife with hostile eyes and deciding, "I don't think I'll go to Hollywood—" And Casey saying swiftly, "Now, Kitty, don't be ridiculous. Of course you'll go. Tomorrow. It's all settled."

And later, walking home, Jerry said, "You certainly have one helluva good time running and organizing everybody's life for them, don't you, Casey?"

They were walking rather slowly. Casey was conscious of both the fact and the reason and she made an effort to slacken her pace to his.

"Why, Jerry! I don't think I do that at all. Naturally, when some one I'm really fond of starts to do something silly, I just don't stand by and let them do it."

He said, "Walking too slowly for you?"

"Oh, no! I rush so. People are forever telling me they can't keep up with me."

"I know," Jerry said.

And afterward, when the scene and the dialogue came back to her, she realized that she should have been warned. She should have understood then what she was doing to him, but she didn't. She went right on. That's the way she put it to herself later. Numbly, dumbly. "I didn't know. I went right on—"

THEN there were the dozens of cocktail parties. There were so many editors and writers she had to meet and entertain. So there they were, on any mild afternoon, packed into her pleasant living room while her remarks chased about among them, clever and amusing, and her voice calling always to Jerry.

"Jerry, where are you, darling? Oh, *there* you are. Norm, I want you to meet my husband. Jerry, this is Norman Andrew, the famous explorer—" The famous writer, the famous playwright. They weren't, but they all thought their agent should think them so. Jerry was affable and pleasant at first, but he didn't particularly like these people who were forever pushing their way somewhere. And the truth of the matter was that they didn't particularly like Jerry. He listened to their talk at first, and they listened to his talk, which was concerned with his experiences at the front, since there wasn't much of anything else for him to talk about.

At first a lot of them thought there might be a story or an article or a play in some of the incidents. But they weren't original enough. The war stuff had been done to death by then and the public wanted none of it.

They slapped him on the back and they gave him a drink and they went off in search of Casey. So there was that scene. Jerry sitting quietly off in a corner, drinking more than he'd ever drunk in his life, making bitter remarks to any one with the temerity to approach him.

"No, no!" he would expostulate, waving them away. "You don't want me. You want that tall gray-eyed brunette over there. You want my clever wife, and I give her to you with appropriate bows. Just give her my love, will you?"

And then there was the afternoon when Casey came home from the office a little early. It was all quite innocent if it hadn't been for the history behind it.

She opened the door of the apartment and Elaine's golden voice greeted her. Elaine was in the kitchen and she was calling in to Jerry:

"Darling, how much vermouth do you put in a Manhattan? I'm an expert at drinking them, but I don't seem to know anything about mixing the things—"

Casey paused at the door of the kitchen. "Try half and half," she said, "and lots of ice, and a dash of bitters." And "What is this?" she inquired mildly of Jerry, who was rereading a racing form that had already betrayed him to the tune of several hundred dollars. "Has our twosome become a threesome?"

She was tired. Dangerously so. Her head ached and her eyes ached and she'd taken to wearing horn-rimmed glasses during office hours and at night when she was reading manuscripts at home. Jerry had already expressed his opinion of the horn-rimmed glasses. "Good Lord, do you *have* to wear those things?" recoiling from the sight.

"You don't want me to go around with headaches, do you?"

But her head was certainly aching now, glasses or no glasses. An hour beside Harry's bedside at the hospital hadn't helped, nor had a long-distance call from Kitty, in Hollywood, who was complaining that they were robbing her and working her to death and she wasn't going to stay and be treated like that. All of that, and an editor changing her mind about price at the last minute, and Miss Monaghan with a noisy and severe head cold, and then coming home to this. She felt, she supposed, much like the suburban husband who comes home from a hard day at the office to find that his wife has spent the afternoon playing bridge and there isn't any dinner.

Jerry must have been thinking of that simile, too. He had been amiable, even a little gay at first, but watching her face, his own stiffened.

"I got tired of looking at the four walls," he said, lifting one dark eyebrow in cynical and dry enjoyment of his role, "so I went off to the races. Elaine called, and time was hanging heavy, so I went along with her."

Casey frowned. Later, of course, she could look back on it and see how altogether awful the whole thing was. How her "Is that the best thing you can find to do with your time?" must have been like a knife turning around inside of him. He stood very still, the racing form dropped at his feet. The radio was turned on and some one was singing, "They asked me how I knew my true love was true . . ." from Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. It was one of their favorite tunes, and wherever Casey had been these past two years, and whomever she had been with, she had always paused when she heard it and thought of Jerry and offered up her silent prayer for him. Now their eyes were measuring each other like opponents meeting in the ring.

"HOW gay for you," Casey said. Elaine was beautiful, amiable, idle, and she hated her and always would. Even the brief glimpse of her in the kitchen had revealed the fact that Elaine was wearing exactly the right sort of print dress with a flattering bolero jacket and just the right sort of brown-and-white spectator pumps. Her bright hair was long and loose and young-looking as Casey's couldn't afford to be, in the office. Elaine's narrow sun-tanned face had turned and Elaine's tiptilted blue eyes had seemed to glimmer at Casey with amusement, or was it triumph?

And now the Manhattans were here on the coffee table.

Jerry poured one and popped a cherry into it.

"It *was* gay, as a matter of fact. Luncheon on the terrace at the clubhouse, wonderful Martinis, beautiful horses. There were some models there from Bergdorf Goodman and, my dear, the *dresses!* I'm afraid I was frightfully extravagant, darling, but really, I *do* have to get out of the house *once* in a while."

Elaine's cheeks were sucked in in an effort to keep a straight face.

"I suppose," Casey said, "that you think you're being very funny."

She dropped the briefcase filled with the inevitable manuscripts on the sofa and threw her hat on top of it.

"I don't think it's funny at all, as a matter of fact," Jerry observed, contemplating the liquid in his glass. "The lines are all right. The situation's all right, too. It's like something in the funny sheets, except that we've got our lines—or, rather, our parts—all balled up. That's what's the trouble with us. One of those clever female authors of yours ought to rewrite a few of our scenes, don't you think?"

"Would it have been easier for you," Casey said, driven and goaded beyond reason now, "if I'd inherited the money instead of having to work for it?"

That was when Jerry threw the glass, which missed her head by a hair's breadth and crashed against the opposite wall. That was when Elaine made a small strangled sound of disbelief and reached for her coat at the same instant. And that was when the phone rang and Bennett Rider's pleasant insouciant voice announced:

"Say, I've got a job for that cowboy of yours if he wants to take it. An old established law firm. Lots of prestige and all that—"

"Call me back later, Ben, will you? I'm a little busy just now."

ELAINE had departed and the door was closed behind her sable jacket and her perfume and her bright hair. Casey, blinded with tears, was on her knees sweeping up bits of shattered glass. Jerry's voice, reaching her, was strangled, miserable.

"I'm sorry, Casey. That was a helluva thing for you to say, though."

"I know. But in front of Elaine—!"

"I know. We don't ever have to see her again, though."

Neither of them dreamed that the incident of the glass-throwing would be repeated all over New York—in magazine offices and at the bar of the Stork and over luncheon tables at the Marguery—and come to be permanently famous as part of their divorce proceedings.

"I sounded like a shrew, didn't I?"

"That was no excuse for what I did. Good Lord, I might have *hurt* you! It's only because I love you so much that you can get me mad enough to do a thing like that. If I weren't crazy about you, Casey, if I didn't want to be everything in the world to you, I wouldn't give a damn. Even though you're not supporting me, it looks as though you are, and that's not easy to take."

"I sounded as though I was. Jerry, I'm sorry. Darling, ever since you've been home— What's *happening* to us, Jerry?"

"We've got to get away from here." He was on his knees beside her, the dustpan and the brush between them. She looked so tired. Her face was white and thin and there were great purple shadows under her eyes. He shouldn't fight with her. She was doing what she thought was best, he temporized, whether it was the best or not. It was always the husbands who secretly knew themselves to be failures, either as lovers or as good providers, who were the grouches, the common scolds. He'd better cut it out.

"If we could go away," he said, "where you'd be Mrs. Gerold Payne Hayes instead of Casey Corliss, career girl extraordinary—"

His dark eyes were level with hers. Sunlight left over from the afternoon was behind his head and his thick dark hair was rumpled. One lock fell over onto his forehead, making him look suddenly boyish. She remembered him like that because it was, in a way, the last time he was ever to look really young.

"Jerry, please stop asking me to do things I can't do. It isn't fair. Besides, we could be happy here—for a while, anyway—if you'd just give yourself a chance."

She felt him tense. She saw the guarded look come into his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"The phone that time, a minute ago. It was Ben—he's a good friend of mine.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"I am Brave Eagle," said the Indian chieftain, introducing himself to the paleface visitor.

"This is my son, Fighting Bird.

"And here," he added, "is my grandson, Four-Engined Bomber."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

That's all he ever has been, so don't get your back up about it. He said he had a job for you, if you'd consider it. A nice established law firm downtown with a lot of prestige. Since we'll have to be here another six months at least, apparently—triple breaks don't heal very quickly in any one Harry's age—won't you *try* it?"

Her gray eyes beseeched him. She was trying to make a go of it. He knew that. This was a problem for her as well as for him. She couldn't be expected to chuck the whole thing the minute he came back. Though he wished to heaven she would!

A vagrant breeze sprang up, bringing with it now familiar smells. The East River. Burning gasoline. Fumes from the exhausts of big buses lumbering down the avenue. At home, the lilacs would be in full bloom, and dogwood, and magnolia trees. The heavy fragrance would almost choke you as you sat in the big old-fashioned dining room with its hand-hewn beams and bare floors. Everything would be quiet and slow and peaceful. Nobody hurried or counted money to be worth much of anything. Here, everything had its price. That's why people had to step on one another's toes all the time and use one another. Even Casey.

He didn't want her to grow hard or disillusioned. He wanted, rather fiercely, to give her everything, to save her from everything that might hurt her. Instead, he wasn't doing much of anything for her. The struggle went on desperately in his heart.

"Please, Jerry," she said softly. Her hand touched his. She knew, she felt, that this was her moment, her hour, and the things she wanted for Jerry and for herself and even for their children, when they should have children, were the right things. He had a brilliant future waiting for him. With his charm and his personality, he could go anywhere, be anything he wanted to be; not bury himself on a ranch in Texas handling cases for his neighbors at five dollars apiece. He was tired now, spent with the war, but later he'd wish he had done differently. She was certain of it, her bright mind running on with her plans. This was the time for Jerry to get started. Now, before all those other millions of men came marching home to knock on doors and ask for their jobs back.

She'd loathe it in Texas. She hated small towns. Even Scarsdale had bored her. Imagine what a town named Comanche, Texas, would do to her!

"If I do that," Jerry said, "before I know it, I'll be stuck here. Permanently."

"Not if you don't want to be, Jerry," she told him, quite believing it.

"It's funny," he said, considering it. "If we hadn't married with a war going on, we'd have known all these things about each other first."

"That wouldn't have made any difference."

"Wouldn't it?"

"People don't love each other like this every day! I mean, there isn't any one in the world I want to be married to except you. Wife beater," she said, grinning her gamin grin at him.

"All right," he said, and kissed the top of her head. "I'll go job hunting for you. It's going to be funny," he said. "It's going to be really being a civilian again. The grammar is bad, but it's still going to be funny."

MAG said speculatively, "I suppose it's very funny, having Jerry home again. I mean, really having him home."

They were lunching at Tony's, which was a favorite of Mag's. All the debs streamed in from the shopping expeditions that seemed to exhaust them, and Mag had a wonderful time making biting comments concerning them. Usually in a clear voice that carried rather nicely.

"Well, it was at first," Casey admitted. "He didn't have a thing to do except sit around in the apartment or go to a movie or something, waiting for me to come home. Of course, he practically had his bags packed and expected to board a train for Comanche, Texas, from minute to minute."

"But you changed all that," Mag said gently, not looking at her.

"You needn't say it as though I'm doing something to hurt Jerry, Mag!" Casey came back at her defensively and furiously. "*I* was the one who worried and prayed and waited while he was gone, you know, and wrapped packages and wrote letters and never let him guess that my life was anything less than a bed of roses. I think I know what's best for Jerry better than anybody else does."

"That's just it. Why don't you stop knowing what's best or worst for him and just let him alone?"

"Alone to do what, for heaven's sake?"

Mag shrugged. "I don't know." She took a sip of her Daiquiri. Mag drank very little. Her work was precision work, checking blueprints for airplanes that would carry men to their death if a measurement was a sixteenth of an inch off. She didn't smoke much, either. There wasn't anything about her, in fact, to indicate that she'd live the kind of life Casey guessed she was living. Ever since the afternoon, two days after Jerry had come home, when Mag said, "On third thought—or maybe it's fourth thought—I think I'd like to live alone, after all."

(*Continued on page 48*)

Critics have already hailed this as one of the "great novels of this war."

It is the story of an American major who strongly believed in democracy — and of how he brought it to the people of an Italian town. It is a good story. It has drama, action, humor, and some romance.

But it is more than just that. It is a parable of American democracy — of how the democratic spirit asserts itself even over those few men who do not understand it.

A Bell For Adano

A Liberty Book Condensation — Reading Time One Evening

A Condensation of the Novel by JOHN HERSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Foreword

MAJOR VICTOR JOPPOLO, U. S. A., was a good man. You will see that. It is the whole reason why I want you to know his story. He was the Amgot officer of a small Italian town called Adano. He was more or less the American mayor after our invasion.

Amgot, as you know, stood for Allied Military Government Occupied Territory. The authorities decided, shortly after the happenings of this story, that the word Amgot had an ugly Germanic sound, and they heard that the two syllables of the word, when taken separately, were Turkish words unmentionable in translation. So they decided to call it A. M. G. and forget about the Occupied Territory.

That was later, though. When I knew him, Major Joppolo was Amgot officer of Adano, and he was good.

There were probably not any really bad men in Amgot, but there were some stupid ones. You see, the theories about administering occupied territories all turned out to be just theories, and in fact the thing which determined whether we Americans would be successful in that toughest of all jobs was nothing more or less than the quality of the men who did the administering.

That is why I think it is important for you to know about Major Joppolo. He was a good man, though weak in certain attractive human ways, and what he did and what he was not able to do in Adano represented in miniature what America can and cannot do in Europe. Since he happened to be a good man, his works represented the best of the possibilities.

America is the international country. Major Joppolo was an Italian-American going to work in Italy. Our Army has Yugoslavs and Frenchmen and Austrians and Czechs and Norwegians in it, and everywhere our Army goes in Europe a man can turn to the private beside him and say: "Hey, Mac, what's this furriner saying? How much does he want for that bunch of grapes?" And Mac will be able to translate.

That is where we are lucky. No other country has such

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a fund of men who speak the languages of the lands we must invade, who understand the ways and have listened to their parents sing the folk songs and have tasted the wine of the land on the palate of their memories. This is a lucky thing for America. We are very lucky to have our Joppolos. It is another reason why I think you should know the story of this particular Joppolo.

America is on its way into Europe. Just as Europe once invaded us with wave after wave of immigrants, now we are invading Europe with wave after wave of sons of immigrants.

Until there is a seeming stability in Europe, our armies and our after-armies will have to stay in Europe. Each American who stays may very well be extremely dependent on a Joppolo, not only for language, but for wisdom and justice and the other things we think we have to offer Europeans.

Therefore I beg you to get to know this man Joppolo well. We have need of him. He is our future in the world. Neither the eloquence of Churchill nor the

humaneness of Roosevelt, no charter, no four freedoms or fourteen points, no dreamer's diagram so symmetrical and so faultless on paper, no plan, no hope, no treaty—none of these things can guarantee anything. Only men can guarantee, only the behavior of men under pressure, only our Joppolos.

INVASION had come to the town of Adano. An American corporal ran tautly along the dirty Via Favemi, and at the corner he threw himself down. He made certain arrangements with his light machine gun and then turned and beckoned to his friends to come forward.

In the Via Calabria, in another part of town, a party of three crept forward like cats. An explosion, at some distance to the north but apparently inside the town, caused them to fall flat, with a splash of dust. They waited on their bellies to see what would happen.

An entire platoon ducked from grave to grave in the Capucin Cemetery high on the hill overlooking town. The entire platoon was scared. They were out of touch with their unit. They did not know the situation. They were near their objective, which was the rocky crest not far off, but they wanted to find out what was going on in the town before they moved on.

All through the town of Adano, Americans were like this. They were not getting much resistance, but it was their first day of invasion and their muscles were tight.

But at one of the sulphur loading jetties at the port a major with a briefcase under his arm stepped from the sliding gangway of LCI No. 9488, and he seemed to be wholly calm.

"Borth," he said to the sergeant who followed him onto the jetty, "this is like coming home. How often I have dreamed this!" And he bent over and touched his hands to the jetty.

This man was Major Victor Joppolo, who had been named senior civil affairs officer of the town of Adano, representing Amgot. He was a man of medium height, with the dark skin of his parents, who were Italians from near Florence. He had a mustache. His face was round and his cheeks seemed cheerful, but his eyes were intense and serious. He was about thirty-five.

The sergeant with him was Leonard Borth, an M. P., who was to be in charge of matters of security in Adano. He was to help weed out the bad Italians and make use of the good ones. Borth had volunteered to be the first to go into the town with the major. Borth had no fear; he cared about nothing. To him the whole war was a cynical joke, and he considered his job in the war to make people take themselves less seriously.

The major looked toward the town and said: "Do you think it's safe now?"

Borth said: "Why not?"

The two men walked up the Via Barrino. There was nobody in the street. All the people had either fled to the hills or were hiding in bomb shelters and cellars. Here and there, where a house had been hit, gray bricks had cascaded into the gray street.

At the corner of the third alley the two men came on a dead Italian woman.

"Awful!" the major said. "It's a hell of a note, that we had to do that to our friends."

"Friends," said Borth—"that's a laugh."

"It wasn't them, not the ones like her," the major said. "They weren't our enemies. It wasn't the poor ones like her. It was the bunch up there where we're going—those crooks in the City Hall."

"Be careful," Borth said, and his face showed that he was teasing. "You're going to have your office in the City Hall. Be careful you don't get to be a crook, too."

THEY passed a house which had been crushed by a naval shell. The major said: "Too bad—look at that." Borth said: "Maybe it was a crook's house. How can you tell? Better forget the house and concern yourself with that." He pointed into an alley at some horse dung and goat dung and straw and melon seeds and flies. "No question of guilty or not guilty there, major. Just something to get clean. You've got some business in that alley, not in that house there."

"I know my business; I know what I want to do; I know what it's like to be poor, Borth."

Borth was silent. He found the seriousness of this Major Joppolo something hard to penetrate.

They came in time to the town's main square, which was called Piazza Progresso. And on that square they saw the building they were looking for.

It was a building with a look of authority about it. At its second floor it had an old balcony, a place of many speeches. This building had served kings before Fascists and now was about to serve democracies after them. In embossed bronze letters across the front were the words *Palazzo di Città.*

There was a clock tower on the left-hand front corner. On top of the tower there was a metal frame which must have been designed to hold a bell. It was baroque and looked very old. But there was no bell.

The two men went inside and up some marble stairs, to a door marked *Podestà.* The office on the other side of that door took Victor Joppolo's breath away. It must have been seventy feet long and thirty feet wide. The ceiling was high and the floor was marble.

After all the poverty which had shouted and begged in the streets, this room was stiflingly rich. The furniture was of a heavy black Italian style, and the curtains were of rich brocade, and the walls were lined with a silken stuff.

Pressed against the wall were a heavy table, several thronelike chairs of various sizes, and a couch. Over the sofas standing on either side of the French door there were huge pictures of Italy's King Victor Emmanuel and his Queen, facing each other in sympathetic misery. On the outside wall there was a picture of Crown Prince Umberto, smiling at everything that happened in the room. Over the telephone there was a photograph of Princess Marie José of Belgium, Umberto's

wife, dressed as a Red Cross nurse. Above the bookcase there was a great dustless square where a picture had been but was not now.

The scale of everything in that room was so big that the hugeness of the desk did not seem unnatural.

"Looks like that office of Mussolini's," Borth said. "Will it be O. K. with you to be a Mussolini?"

"Cut the kidding," the major said. "Let's look around."

They walked through several offices, all of which were crowded with desks and files and bookcases.

The files had not been emptied or even disturbed.

"Good," said Borth. "Lists of names, every one registered and all their records. It'll be easy for us here."

When the two went back into the big office there was an Italian there. He had evidently been hiding in the building. He gave the Fascist salute and with an eager face said in Italian: "Welcome to the Americans! Live Roosevelt! How glad I am that you have arrived. For many years I have hated the Fascists."

The major said in Italian: "Who are you?"

The little man said: "Zito Giovanni, usher in the Palazzo di Città, native of Adano."

Major Joppolo said: "You were the usher here? Why did you work for the Fascists if you hated them? Usher, I love the truth—you will find that out. If you lie to me, you will be in very serious trouble. Do not lie to me. If you were a Fascist, you were a Fascist. There is no need to lie."

Zito said: "One had to eat, one had to earn a living. I have six children."

Major Joppolo said: "So you were a Fascist. Now you will have to learn to live in a democracy. You will be my usher."

The little Zito was delighted.

The major said: "Do not salute me that way and do not bow. There is no need to grovel here. You may greet me by shaking my hand. You will greet Sergeant Borth in the same way."

Little Zito did not know whether to laugh or cry. He said: "I will never lie to you, Mister Major. I am anti-Fascist, Mister Sergeant. I will be usher here."

A brief burst of rifle fire echoed from distant streets. Zito cringed.

Major Joppolo said: "Has it been bad here?"

Zito started jabbering about the bombardments and the air raids. "We are very hungry," he said, when he had cooled down a little. "For three days we have not had bread. The stink of dead is very bad, and some people are sick because the drivers of the water carts have not had the courage to get water for several days because of the planes along the roads. And our bell is gone."

Major Joppolo said: "Your bell?"

Zito said: "Our bell which was seven hundred years old. Mussolini took it to make rifle barrels or something. The town was very angry. And only two weeks before you came. Why did you not come sooner?"

"Where was the bell?"

"Right here." Zito pointed over his head. "The whole building tingled when it rang."

Major Joppolo remembered the framework for the bell up on the tower. "That is your reason for wanting us to have come sooner, is it?"

Zito was careful. "Partly," he said.

THE major went to the desk, pulled out the high-backed chair, and sat in it.

Borth said: "How does it feel, Duce?"

The major said: "There is so much to do, I hardly know where to begin."

Borth said: "I know what I must do. I've got to find the offices of the Fascist Party, to see if I can find more records. May I take the Mister Usher and look?"

"Go ahead, Borth," the major said.

When the two had left, Major Joppolo opened his briefcase and took out a small black loose-leaf notebook. The pages were filled with notes on his Amgot school lectures, but he passed all of them by and turned to the page marked: *Notes to Joppolo from Joppolo.*

And he read: "Don't make yourself cheap. Always be accessible to the public. Don't play favorites. Speak Italian whenever possible. Don't lose your temper. When plans fall down, improvise—" While he was reading there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," he said in Italian.

The door opened. A man came in whose appearance was vaguely familiar to Major Joppolo. The major realized later that he had seen not this man but several who looked just like him, in bad American movies. He was the type of the second-rate Italian gangster, the small fellow in the gang who always stood behind the boss and who always took the rap.

He said in English: "War's a finish here in Adano, huh? I'm from a Cleveland, Ohio. I been here a three year. You got a work for me?"

Major Joppolo said: "What's your name?"

The Italian said: "Ribaudo Giuseppe. I'm a good American. I'm a hate these Fascisti. I could do a good job for you."

Major Joppolo said: "If you're such a good American, why did you leave the States?"

Ribaudo said: "I'm a kick out. I'm a no passport."

Major Joppolo was pleased with Ribaudo for not trying to lie about his illegal entry and repatriation. He said. "O. K., I'll hire you. You will be my interpreter. There'll be some Americans here who don't speak Italian, and I may need you for other things, too. But you've got to be honest with me, or you'll be in bad trouble. Now tell me, what does this town need the most?"

"I could a go for a movie house, a boss."

"No, Giuseppe; I mean right now."

"Food, a boss. Food is a bad now in Adano."

"Why is that—because of a shortage of flour?"

"No. Every one been a scared. Baker don't a work, nobody sell a pasta, water don't a come in a carts. That's all, a boss."

"How many bakers are there in town?"

BEFORE Giuseppe could answer there was a knock on the door.

Giuseppe opened it and two men almost tumbled in.

The older one said in English, with a careful British accent: "My name is Cacopardo, at your service, major. I own most of the sulphurs in this place. I wish to give you advices whenever you need of it."

The fat one, who seemed annoyed with Cacopardo for speaking first, said in English: "Craxi my name."

Major Joppolo said: "What can I do for you?"

Cacopardo said: "The Americans coming to Italian countryside need some advices." The old man looked straight at Giuseppe the interpreter and added: "I wish to advise you to be careful. In Adano are many men who were illegal in America."

Major Joppolo, seeing Giuseppe's embarrassment, said: "Giuseppe, I want to speak to the priest of the town. Will you get him for me?"

Cacopardo said: "In Adano are thirteen churches, major, and in some, like San Angelo and San Sebastiano, are two or three priests. Father Pensovecchio of the San Angelo is best of all."

Major Joppolo said to Giuseppe: "Get him for me, will you?"

When Giuseppe had left, Major Joppolo said to Cacopardo: "You say you've come to advise me. Then tell me, what does this town need the most right now?"

This time the fat Craxi got there first: "To eat," he said. "Much to eat."

Cacopardo said: "The town needs its bell back. You can always eat."

Craxi flared up. "*You* can always eat, you Cacopardo," he said. "You have a million lire, you sulphur. But not all the people here can eat." He turned to the major: "To eat here is more necessary than any bell."

Cacopardo broke into furious Italian: "Fat one, you think only of your stomach. The bell was of our spirit. It was of our history. It was hung on the tower by Pietro of Aragona. It was designed by the sculptor Lucio de Anj of Modica. By this bell the people were warned of the invasion of Roberto, King of Naples, and he was driven back. The bell did not warn us of *this* invasion, or we would have been in the streets with flowers to welcome you."

Craxi said: "I needed no bell. I was on the beach to

welcome the Americans. My woman was with me, the formidable Margherita, and my seven children. But what did my children shout? They did not shout, 'We miss the tinkling of the bell.' They shouted: *'Caramelle! Caramelle!'* They were hungry. They wanted candy, not the pealing of a bell."

Borth and the usher Zito came back. Borth said: "It's perfect. Who are these guys?"

Major Joppolo said: "They are arguing which is more important, food or restoring the bell. Since we can't do anything about the bell just now, food is our concern."

Giuseppe came in, bringing the priest. Father Pensovecchio was gray-haired and cheerful, and after the introductions Major Joppolo said to him: "Father, we were speaking of the old bell which was taken away."

Father Pensovecchio said: "That is the disgrace of this town. This bell was the center of the town. All life revolved around it. Even we in the churches depended on that bell more than our own bells. At noon on the Sabbath, when all the bells in town rang at once, this bell rose above all the others, and that was the one you listened to."

Major Joppolo said to Borth in English: "We'll have to try to do something about getting another bell."

Borth said: "It's ridiculous! There are lots of things more important than this bell. Get them some food and don't forget that alleyway."

Major Joppolo said: "All the same, the bell is important to them." And he said then in Italian: "Thank you for telling me about the bell. I promise you that I will do all I can to get another bell which will have some meaning as a bell and will have a good tone and its history will be that it was given to you by the Americans to take the place of the one which was taken away by the Fascists to make gun barrels. Now I wish to speak alone with the priest."

When the others had gone, Major Joppolo said: "Father, I wish to tell you that the Americans want to bring only good to this town. As in every nation, there are some bad men in America. It is possible that some Americans who come here will do bad things. If they do, I can assure you that most of the Americans will be just as ashamed of those things as you are annoyed by them."

Father Pensovecchio said: "I think we will understand weakness in your men just as we try to understand it in our own."

Major Joppolo said: "Thank you, father. I should like to ask a favor of you. I should like you to say a few words before your mass tomorrow morning about the Americans. I shall leave it to you to say what you wish, if you will merely add that there are certain proclamations which the Americans have posted which ought to be read."

Father Pensovecchio said: "That I can easily do."

Major Joppolo said: "I myself am a Catholic. If you will have me, I should like to attend your mass."

The priest said: "It will be a pleasure to have you."

Major Joppolo was glad that he did not say it would be an honor.

Major Joppolo said: "I shall see you tomorrow, then."

Father Pensovecchio said: "At seven in the morning. Until then, son."

FATHER Pensovecchio could not remember when so many had come to the Church of San Angelo. Perhaps he had not been without guile when he had mentioned to ten or twelve people, quite casually, that the major would be in church in the morning and that he himself had something to say about the Americans.

The priest knew that he would repent later of his pleasure in drawing so many people away from the twelve other churches in the town, but for the moment he let his pleasure have rein. But now Father Pensovecchio had a thought which made him very uneasy. It was already five minutes past seven. What if the Mister Major should not come?

The Mister Major at that moment was sitting in his office discussing with Borth and the usher Zito the matter of the bell.

Borth said: "As usual, major, you're letting your heart run your head. Forget the bell and clean up the alleyway. This is too sentimental, this bell business."

The major said to Zito in Italian: "Zito, exactly when was the bell taken away?"

Zito said promptly, without having to think it over: "June the fourteenth. It was the day when Mayor Nasta fined me three thousand lire for leaving my atlas open at the page of North America. Like every one else, Mayor Nasta knew the Americans were coming here. It made him nervous. He thought I was mocking him."

The major said: "June 14—almost exactly a month." He was thinking. He was thinking so hard that he had forgotten all about going to church. He said: "Where was the bell sent, Zito?"

Zito said: "To the provincial government at Vicinamare."

Major Joppolo said: "Perhaps it got no farther. Perhaps the bell is still sitting in its crate in Vicinamare. We must find out."

And he took a piece of foolscap from his briefcase and began a letter to Lieutenant Colonel Sartorius, Civil Affairs Office of Vicinamare, asking him if he could trace the bell. In the Church of San Angelo, meanwhile, Father Pensovecchio was growing frantic. Most of the heads in his crowd, his lovely crowd, kept turning toward the door, and he could see that he was going to lose their attention altogether.

Suddenly Father Pensovecchio had an idea. He beckoned to the senior acolyte and whispered in his ear: "Have old Guzzo ring the bell."

"Now, father?"

IN his office Major Joppolo blotted the letter and folded it. Suddenly the church bell began ringing.

Borth said in Italian: "Zito, if you are such an expert on bells, what is that one ringing for at seven twenty-six in the morning, and all alone?"

Zito said: "It is strange. That is a church bell. From the tone, I would say it was the bell of San Angelo."

"San Angelo!" The major jumped up. "My Lord," he said. "I promised the priest I would come. I got thinking about the old bell. Run, Zito, show me the way."

The entire congregation stood up as they entered the church. There was a considerable amount of murmuring as the major walked up the aisle and Father Pensovecchio smiled and turned from ashen white back to his normal pink. His confidence, which had nearly left him, was now very much in evidence. He had his crowd and he had his major.

"I have a word to say to all of you on this occasion," he said. "Our prayers are now answered, and the men we feared are now in the hills which God in His infinite forgiveness gave them to hide in."

Major Joppolo couldn't help noticing two heads in the pew right in front of him. One was the head of a man, and it was bald. The other was the head of a woman, and it was blonde.

"But, as you all know," Father Pensovecchio said, "no matter whom you have as the authorities, you must obey the law. If a child does something wrong, he is punished by his father. If you do something wrong, you'll be punished by your new governors. When you go out from mass, read the proclamations which your new governors have posted, and spread the word that all must obey them exactly as they are written."

By tilting his head a very little bit, Major Joppolo was able to find out that the bald head belong to his interpreter Giuseppe. He was not able to see the face of the blonde head, but he could see that the hair was arranged fastidiously, with no loose strands.

"If you remember," said the priest, "we were told that Americans attacked priests and attacked and killed women. But right here now is an American of Italian descent who is attending mass, and is just as reverent as you are toward the Church of San Angelo. We are very glad to have him here. We are glad that he is one of us. Because of this man, I believe that the Americans are my friends. You must believe the same thing, my children."

Major Joppolo noticed that the skin of the neck below the blonde hair, though clean, was quite dark, and he wondered whether the hair was naturally blonde. He

wondered about this off and on during the mass which followed.

After mass he left quickly. He took time only to tell Giuseppe that he had a little interpreting for him to do that afternoon, and to look into the face of the blonde.

ON the fifth day of the invasion a babel stood in line in front of the shop of the baker Zapulla, waiting for it to open. There were many women, mostly dressed in black, and a few men. They talked in loud voices, each clamoring for an audience.

"Do you remember," said Margherita, the fat Craxi's formidable wife, "do you remember how the Mayor Nasta used to hold office hours from noon until one each day, the hour when we were all busy with our children? And how he would treat us when we did see him? Now it is different. You can walk in any time all day." She paused. "The Mister Major stands up when you enter," she said impressively.

Mercurio Salvatore, crier of the town of Adano, was near the end of the line, but the whole line could hear him when he said: "I wish to tell you something. I asked him what station I would be permitted to listen to on my radio. I asked, 'Should it be the Radio of Algiers, or should it be the Radio of London?'

"He said: 'Reception here is best for Radio Roma. Why don't you listen to the one you can hear the best?'

"I said: 'Can you mean it? Radio Roma is anti-American. It has nothing but slander for the Americans.'

"And he said to me: 'Crier, I love the truth, and I want you to love it too. You listen to Radio Roma. You will hear that it is three fourths lies. I want you to judge for yourself and to want the truth. Then perhaps you will want to listen to the other broadcasts which you cannot hear so clearly.' "

At this moment Gargano, chief of the carabinièri, came up to the line, squeezing in between a housewife named Carmelina and the door of Zapulla's shop. Carmelina said truculently: "Mister Gargano, you were chief of the carabinièri under the old regime and that entitled you to stand at the head of the line. I am not sure that you are still chief of the carabinièri."

Gargano glowered. His prestige had suffered with the coming of the Americans and at every point his authority had been challenged. Now, if ever was the time to exert it. He moved toward Carmelina and said: "Woman, you are under arrest."

Carmelina screamed. All up and down the line women shouted: "Out with the Fascist chief of carabinièri! Out with men who push themselves to the head of a line ahead of all women who have been waiting three hours!"

When Gargano pulled Carmelina into Major Joppolo's office, she was still screaming. The major jumped to his feet and said sharply: "What is this all about?"

Gargano said: "This woman questioned my authority."

The major said: "Your authority to do what, Gargano?"

Carmelina shouted: "To push his way to the head of the line in front of Zapulla's bread shop."

Gargano said: "It is a privilege the officials of the town have always enjoyed."

Major Joppolo said: "Is that so?"

Gargano said: "I charge this woman with disturbing the peace and questioning authority." Gargano, seeing things were going against him, shrewdly put the matter on an official rather than a personal basis. The major would have to decide the case officially.

The major decided with a speed which dazzled Gargano. He decided that the woman was right but that he could not say so, because if he did the chief would never regain his authority, and the major wanted to keep him in office. Therefore he said: "I sentence this woman to one day in jail, suspended sentence. Let her go, Gargano, and gather all the officials of Adano for me at once."

Carmelina ran straight back to the bread shop. The people gave her back her place at the head of the line and shouted: "What happened, Carmelina? What did they do to you?"

Carmelina told what had happened, and she said: "Did you ever hear of such a light sentence in Adano? I believe in my heart that the Mister Major thought I was right. And what was the meaning of assembling the officials? I believe that he was for me."

In the major's office the officials gradually assembled. Some were held-over Fascists, some were new appointments to take the place of Fascists who had fled.

"I want you to be my friends," the major said. "And, as my friends, I consider it my duty to tell you everything I think. Adano has been a Fascist town. That is natural, because the country was Fascist. But now that the Americans have come, we are going to run the town as a democracy.

"Perhaps you do not know what a democracy is. I will tell you. Democracy is this: Democracy is that the men of the government are no longer the masters of the people. They are the servants of the people, for the people pay the taxes out of which you are paid.

"Therefore you are now the servants of the people of Adano. I too am their servant. When I go to buy bread, I shall take my place at the end of the line and I will wait my turn. You too must behave now as servants, or I shall have to remove you from office.

You are servants of the people of Adano. And watch: This thing will make you happier than you have ever been in your lives."

AT last, one afternoon a day or two later, the major found himself alone with Giuseppe, the interpreter. "Giuseppe," he said, "do you have natural blondes in this part of the country?"

Giuseppe winked understandingly. "Oh, so you've got a pair of eyes, after all, eh, boss? I guess a you seen the blonde in a church last Sunday."

"Answer my question, interpreter," the major said.

"O. K., a boss," Giuseppe said. "Blondes is natural in a north. Down here not so natural, a boss."

"I thought not."

The major went back to his work. Giuseppe puttered around a bit and then said: "If boss is a lonely, Giuseppe could fix a good date, maybe my friend a blonde."

The major said: "I haven't got time. I'm busy."

After he had worked a while, Major Joppolo said: "Giuseppe, who was this blonde in the church last Sunday?"

This time Giuseppe was very careful to keep his face grave. "Name's a Tina. She's a daughter of Tomasino. He's a fisherman."

"A fisherman? Is he a good fisherman? Do the other fishermen respect him?"

"Sure; he's a best one."

"Good. I want to see him, Giuseppe."

This time Giuseppe couldn't resist winking. "Sure, a boss; I get it."

Major Joppolo said: "Bring him in to see me next week, Giuseppe. I want to start the fishermen going out again. It'll supplement the food supply. By the first of next week I'm sure I can get permission from the Navy."

By the time it was nine days old the invasion was developing very successfully. The American beachheads were secure. One heavy counterattack had been thrown back, and our troops began to go ahead.

On the ninth morning General Marvin, who was famous for his hair-trigger temper, was driving along the road toward Vicinamare and came to the town of Adano. From time to time along the road his driver had had to slow down behind the little Italian two-wheeled carts of the countryside until traffic from the opposite direction had gone by. Then he passed the carts. The general was in a hurry and grew angrier and angrier. The general was always in a hurry and the general was usually angry.

Now it happened that as he came to the river just before Adano the general's armored car was obliged to slow down for a cart which meandered along right in the center of the road.

The general stood up in his car and shouted: "Get that —— —— cart off the road!"

Unfortunately, the driver of the cart was one Errante Gaetano, who earlier that morning had sold three dozen eggs to American soldiers at fourteen times the proper price, had immediately sunk most of his profits in wine, and was now sleeping a deep and happy sleep on the seat of his cart. Naturally, he did not pay much attention to the voice of General Marvin, because he could not hear it.

General Marvin roared at his driver: "Blow your horn. Blow him off the road!"

The driver, a nice boy from Massachusetts, put the heel of his hand on the horn button, against his own wish. He was in no hurry, and knew that no matter how fast they went, he would only have to wait when they got wherever they were going. The cart kept right down the middle of the road. General Marvin's face was beginning to grow dark and the veins began to wriggle and pound on his forehead.

"I've had enough of this!" he shouted. "Do they think they're going to stop the whole invasion with their carts? Throw him off the road!"

Colonel Middleton, the general's chief of staff, and Lieutenant Byrd, his aide, got out of the car. They held up a jeep and enlisted the aid of three sergeants who were riding in it.

THE six men walked forward on the road and surrounded the cart. Colonel Middleton reached up to waken Errante, but the general's roars grew louder. "What are you doing?" he bellowed. "I told you to throw the damn thing off the road!"

"We were just going to wake this fellow up and get him off first," Colonel Middleton shouted back.

"Serve him right. Throw him too."

There was no protest from any of the six men. The only thing said was muttered by Lieutenant Byrd: "The old man hasn't been getting enough sleep lately."

Colonel Middleton went to the head of the mule and guided it to the side of the road. He gave a signal, and the five men lifted. Errante rose up and soared off into space. Then he hit the earth hard. He woke up; but what with his dazedness, his drunkenness, his surprise, and his natural stupidity, he was unable to do anything except roar wordlessly.

General Marvin was still roaring, too. "Serve him right!" he shouted. "Holding up traffic. Trying to stop the damn invasion!"

The men got back into the armored car and the jeep. As they started up, General Marvin said: "Take me to the mayor of this damn town!"

The general's car pulled up in front of the Palazzo. Lieutenant Byrd ran across the wide sidewalk and up the marble stairs and burst into Major Joppolo's office.

"General Marvin's downstairs and wants to see you," the lieutenant said. "He's mad as hell, so you better hurry."

When Major Joppolo reached the armored car, the general was sitting with his left arm raised in front of him, glaring at his wrist watch.

"Dammit, major," he roared, "these Italian carts are holding up our whole damn invasion! Keep them out of this town. Don't you let another cart come across that bridge back there into this town. What the hell is this town, anyway?"

"Adano, sir, town of Adano."

"Adano. Keep the damn carts out of this town—you hear me?" And before Major Joppolo could even salute, the armored car had roared away.

By the time he reached his desk again, Major Joppolo realized what the consequences of keeping the carts out of town would be.

With a heavy heart, he cranked his field telephone, asked for Captain Purvis, head of the M. P.s in Adano, and ordered him, in the name of General Marvin, to keep all carts out of Adano.

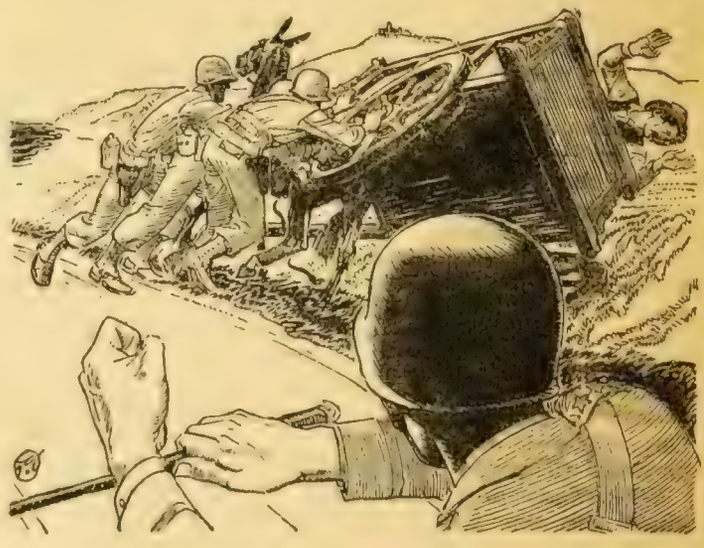
Then he called for Zito, his usher, and asked him to assemble all the officials of the town in his office.

When they were all in, Major Joppolo stood at his desk and said: "I have promised to tell you every important thing which the American authorities decide to do in this town. I do not want this to be a town of mysteries. In a democracy, one of the most important things is for every one to know as much as possible about what is going on.

"The American authorities have decided that because of military necessities it will no longer be possible for mule carts to come into the streets of town."

Major Joppolo could see his audience suck in its collective breath. He said: "I am not happy to have to announce this decision. It is because of military necessities. I am sorry. That is all."

The officials of Adano turned sadly to go. They did not protest. They had learned during the years of Fascism how to swallow their protests. But Major Joppolo could tell that they were not with him—that, for the first time in nine days, they were against him.



Before the first of them reached the door Major Joppolo said: "I wish to tell you that I will do all that is in my power to have this unjust order revoked."

And when the officials of Adano went out of the door of the major's office, they were still sad but they were for him.

The major worried all day about the order, and wondered what he could do about it. He slept very badly during the night because of his worry.

Early in the morning Zito, the little usher, came up to his desk and said: "Mister Major, there are three men to see you about the carts."

Because it worried him, the major snapped back angrily at Zito: "Well, show them in."

The three Italians were evidently poor but respected men. They were the chosen delegates of all the cartmen to argue this thing out. Zito brought three chairs forward, and they sat in a half circle opposite the major.

The major pointed with a fountain pen at one of the men and said in Italian: "You. What is your name?"

The man jumped to his feet, twisting his cap in his strong hands, and he shouted: "Afronti Pietro, Mister Major. I desire to tell you, Mister Major, that these

carts are most dear to us. I wish to tell you about my cart. It has two wooden wheels, Mister Major—"

"I have seen these carts. It is not necessary to describe the carts."

"But have you heard the music which is made by the wheels, Mister Major?" Old Afronti said. "The two wooden wheels of my cart sing to me. You may think this is squeaking, this music, but I can hear what the wheels are trying to sing. Do you wish to hear this song, Mister Major?" And he began to sing:

"The Americans are coming here, Signor Afronti.
The Americans are very just men,
Especially with regard to carts."

Then Afronti said very softly: "The music has stopped; there is no more music, Mister Major. Thank you, Mister Major." And he sat down abruptly.

The major lifted his pen and pointed it at the next man. "And you," he said, "your name?"

"Erba Carlo, Mister Major. I have come because you will not let my cart across the bridge. There is no water in Adano without the water carts. There is a thirst in Adano. Since yesterday morning at eleven o'clock there is a great thirst. But my cart is on the other side of the bridge. You have said it may not pass."

The major said: "Let the next one speak. You. Your name?" And he pointed with his pen.

The third man jumped up. "Basile Giovanni, Mister Major," he said.

"You wish?"

BASILE spoke gravely and slowly. "Mister Major," he said, "the worst of all the things about the carts is the food. I am the one to tell you about the food and the carts. You have not seen my cart, have you, Mister Major? It has—"

The major said: "It is not necessary to describe these carts. I am getting sick of the carts."

Basile said: "But, Mister Major, you have not seen *my* cart. On my cart there are four scenes; they are all concerned with eating. There is the miracle of the loaves and fishes. There is the Last Supper. There is the wedding at Cana where the water turned to wine. Now, all the people in all these pictures are fat people, like me and my Elizabetta, because mine was a cart for food, to make other people fat and jovial. But how can I drive my cart now, even in the country? How can I put my fat horse, whose name is General Eisenhower in honor of our deliverer, between the shafts, and put my fat self on the seat, and drive around with my pictures of fat and holy people—when the people of Adano are starving, Mister Major? This fills me with shame, even though I cannot bring the cart into town."

And then, with great craft, Basile said: "There is nothing in all the proclamations which says that the Americans came to Adano in order to make people die of hunger. Why then do we have this thing of the carts?"

The major said to himself in English: "Damn!"

He reached for the field telephone, cranked the handle, and said: "Captain Purvis, please. . . .

"Purvis? Joppolo. Listen. . . .

"No, now this is serious, Purvis. This thing about the carts. By one sentence General Marvin destroyed the work of nine days in this town. I know it may mean a court-martial, but I've decided to countermand his order. What? . . .

"I know I'm taking a hell of a chance, but I have to do it. This town is dying. It depends on the carts for food and water. People will die. I'm not here to kill people."

Captain Purvis evidently put up an argument.

Finally the major said: "Purvis, I order you to let the carts back into the town. I take complete responsibility for countermanding General Marvin's order."

Major Joppolo hung up. He turned to the three cartmen and said: "You may bring your carts into the town."

For a long moment they did not understand. Then they began shouting and waving their caps.

"Oh, Mister Major, there has never been a thing like this!" the fat one named Basile shouted. "That the poor should come to the Palazzo di Città and that their request should be granted."

The command post of the M. P.s was housed in the Fascio, the one-story building which had been the headquarters of the Fascist Party. When Major Joppolo called, there were three men in the main office of the M. P.s. Besides Captain Purvis, there were Technical Sergeant Frank Trapani, who kept Captain Purvis' records, and Corporal Chuck Schultz, who was the M. P. on guard.

Captain Purvis put down the telephone and said: "That Joppolo—I think he's nuts. He's always talking about democracy like it was his mother. He ought to relax and have a little fun. Bet he's never been drunk in his life."

Corporal Schultz said: "He can have this Dago wine." He put his hands over his belly and made a face. "Wow, last night!"

The captain said: "Besides, he's going to get us all in trouble. He has the nerve to tell General Marvin he knows where he can stick the carts. *He* wants them to come back into town."

Sergeant Trapani said: "It wasn't a very wise order, in the first place. I think maybe the major's right."

"Right?" Captain Purvis put his palm against his cheek in a gesture of amazement. "Why, hell, man, what do you think this man's army would be like if everybody just did what he wanted and went around countermanding orders every day?" Captain Purvis had been commissioned just eight months. He was very military.

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Trapani said. He knew what to say when his captain started lecturing on discipline.

"Well, I got my orders," the captain said. "I got to go out and take the guards off the road. But listen. I'm not going to burn for this guy Joppolo. Just to cover ourselves, we'll make out a report saying what happened: that General Marvin ordered us to keep the carts out, that Major Joppolo countermanded the order. You make it out, Trapani, and send it to G-1 of the division."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Purvis left.

Sergeant Trapani said to Schultz: "General Marvin's liable never to come back here, and if he did he'd probably never notice the carts. But once you get the thing on paper, it's a sure way to ruin the major."

Corporal Schultz said: "Don't bother me. I got a headache of my own this morning."

Sergeant Trapani rolled a slip of purple paper, off a Fascist pad, into his typewriter. He wrote:

For Lieutenant Colonel W. Norris, G-1, 49th Division. From Captain N. Purvis, 123d M. P. Company, Adano. Subject: Mule carts, town of Adano.

1. On July 19 orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted and order carried out.

2. On July 20 guards were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, Civil Affairs Officer, town of Adano, because carts were essential to town and town was in bad shape without same.

Sergeant Trapani said: "Schultz, listen to this. Do you think this'll get the major in trouble?" And he read the report out loud. "I thought that part about the town needing the carts might make it O. K. for the major."

"What's this major to you?" Schultz said.

Sergeant Trapani said: "Oh, nothing, I just hate to see a guy get in trouble when he's trying to do right."

Schultz said: "Why don't you let the order get lost in Captain Purvis' papers? Don't bother me—I feel awful."

Sergeant Trapani looked hard at Corporal Schultz. Then he went over to Captain Purvis' desk and put the slip in the middle of a disorderly pile of papers which Captain Purvis touched only in adding to it.

"Good idea," Trapani said.

EARLY the next week Giuseppe the interpreter came to Major Joppolo in some embarrassment.

The major looked annoyed. He hadn't recovered from the disappointment that had seized on him that morning when word had come from Vicinamare that their records showed the bell from Adano had long since been sent to the foundry. He had been thinking of a possible way

of getting another bell, and disliked the interruption.

"Boss, you say you want a go out with a blonde a Tina," he said. "I'm a sorry, boss."

"I never said any such thing, Giuseppe," he said. "What's got into you?"

"Boss, you tell a me other day you want a see Tina's old a man." Giuseppe winked. "Don't a kid Giuseppe, boss. Don't you want a go out with a blonde a Tina?"

"Giuseppe," the major said, "I want to see Tina's father because I want to start the fishermen going out again, so that Adano will have something besides pasta and tomatoes and eggplant to eat. That's all there is to it. Will you fix that for me?"

"That's what I'm a sorry, boss. Tina's old a man Tomasino no want a see you. Old a man Tomasino say he never been in a Palazzo di Città in a life. He hate a Fascist a crooks. He don't know you're a different. He won't a come a here."

"That's easy, Giuseppe. We'll go see him."

AND so it happened that another precedent was broken in Adano. Never in the memory of any one in the town had an official gone calling on a citizen on business. Either the citizen had come willingly to the Palazzo, or else the citizen had been arrested and had come against his will.

Giuseppe led the major down to the harbor where the fishing boats were tied up.

Major Joppolo recognized old Tomasino's boat not only by the morose-looking man sitting on the afterdeck but also by the illuminated inscription on the bow: *Tina.*

"All right, man of authority," said the morose man, "arrest me."

"I haven't come to arrest you," the major said. "I just want to talk with you about fishing."

"I do not believe it," the morose man said. "All men of authority are alike."

"I beg you to believe me," the major said. "I came because I want you and the others to start fishing again."

"Why?" said the morose Tomasino. "So we can line the pockets of the authorities?"

"No, Tomasino; so that you can line the stomachs of the people of Adano. Tomasino, you don't understand. The Americans are different from the Fascists."

"Hah," said Tomasino. "I have heard that before. How much protection money do you want, American? I don't believe that you are any different from all the others."

Here Major Joppolo got angry. "Old fisherman," he said, "you will have to understand something. The people of Adano are hungry. They must have fish. Do you think you could get together crews for five or six boats?"

Tomasino said: "Who is to be the protector of these crews? To whom do the fishermen pay tribute?"

Now the major spoke harshly: "What are you talking about, fisherman?"

"Protection," Tomasino said. "Before you came we had to pay protection money to Enea, the supervisor of the fisheries, an evil man. In return he 'protected' us. Hah, Fiorentino said one time that he did not feel the need of protection, and the next week his boat burned up at its mooring."

The major said: "There will be no such thing under the Americans, Tomasino. That's the kind of thing we want to eliminate."

Tomasino said: "You are lying to me. There is a trick. No protection—no tribute. I do not believe it. You are making fun of me, American."

"Why should I make fun of you, fisherman? It is my job to run this town. I consider it my job to keep the people of this town alive. They haven't enough to eat. I want fish for them. I want you to go fishing."

Tomasino stood up. "American," he said, "I begin to think you are different from the others."

The major ignored this concession and said: "Tomasino, I want you to be the head of the fishermen of Adano. I want a fisherman to be in charge of the fishermen."

Tomasino's sad face almost broke into a smile. "There would be justice in that, and we fishermen aren't very well acquainted with justice."

"It is agreed, then," the major said. "Let us go to the captain of the Navy who runs this port. We have to get permission from him before you and the others can go out fishing."

And so the major and Tomasino went to see the American naval lieutenant in charge of harbor facilities at Adano. This was Lieutenant Livingston, who was known at Kent School and Yale as a fellow who would do anything for you if he liked you, but he was rather choosy in his friends.

Lieutenant Livingston had not yet decided to like Major Joppolo. The major had not gone to either Kent or Yale. There was a rumor around that he had once been some kind of clerk in the New York City government under Walker and O'Brien. And besides, when the major saw a Navy officer wearing two bars, which any one ought to know stood for Lieutenant Senior Grade, Major Joppolo would address him as Captain.

"Hi, captain," the major said blithely, when he and Tomasino walked into the lieutenant's office. "This is Tomasino, the head of the fishermen here. I want the Navy's permission to send out six fishing boats to get fish for Adano."

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Impossible. We'd have to get permission from Commander Navy Italy, and he'd have to refer it to Commander Navy North African Waters, and they're both admirals. Not a chance!"

The major said: "Why do you have to go running to the admirals? Don't they give you any responsibility?"

Lieutenant Livingston spoke very patiently. "You wouldn't understand," he said. "This is a Navy problem."

Major Joppolo had had enough. He said: "Listen, captain. This town is hungry. It needs fish. If it doesn't get something to supplement its diet, people are going to die here of starvation. Are you going to let these men go out fishing, or aren't you?"

Lieutenant Livingston was surprised by the major's vehemence. "They might hit loose mines and be blown up," he said defensively.

"I don't care. This is a war. Some people 've got to get killed so others can live. Unless you give permission for these men to go out, I'm going to send a separate letter naming each person who dies of hunger in this town to your commanding officer, and in each letter I'm going to say it's your fault."

"Maybe we could work something out," the lieutenant said.

"You're damn right we could," Major Joppolo said. "I want you to have six charts ready showing where these boats can go and not run into mine fields. They don't have to show where the mines are, all they need show is an area where the boats can go. I'll see that these men stick to that area."

And, before he could catch himself, Lieutenant Livingston of Kent and Yale had said to Major Joppolo of the Bowery and Tammany Hall: "Yes, sir. I'll have it tomorrow."

Outside, the major said: "If you go out fishing, Tomasino, you may get hurt. Your boat might hit a mine."

"What do I care?" said Tomasino. "I am going fishing." And the old fisherman turned and ran out on the mole to the Tina, and he shouted as he ran, as if telling his boat: "We are going fishing! We are going fishing!"

ONE morning Tomasino the fisherman called on Major Joppolo at the Palazzo. As he entered the building, and even as he walked into the major's office, he looked like an American sightseer. His neck bent back on itself and his eyes wandered around in dull amazement.

Major Joppolo was pleased to see him and said cheerfully: "Good morning, Tomasino."

"Good morning, major. I have come to invite you to our house tonight to help eat some *torrone* which my daughter Tina made."

Major Joppolo suddenly remembered two sentences from the *Notes to Joppolo from Joppolo* in his Amgot notebook. He remembered: "Don't play favorites. . . . Be careful about accepting invitations." It would be best if he were not seen going to the house of Tomasino. People like the interpreter Giuseppe might misunderstand his motives. It would be a good idea to go after dark. The

major made some quick calculations: Let's see, the sun goes down about eight fifteen; it gets dark—

"I would be delighted, Tomasino. How would nine o'clock be?"

Promptly at nine o'clock Major Joppolo knocked on the door at 9 Via Vittorio Emanuele. Tomasino opened the door and led the major through the hallway to a narrow parlor. Two guests had arrived before the major, and their identity surprised him.

"Hi, major," said Captain Purvis, who looked as if he had been into a couple of bottles of wine. "Giuseppe told me the old fish-hound here had a couple of pretty daughters. He said he'd fix me up. Good old Giuseppe."

"Good night, a boss," said Giuseppe. He was much embarrassed; he had had no idea that the major would show up.

The major was just as embarrassed as Giuseppe.

"Why, hello," he said. He sat down stiffly.

Captain Purvis said: "Say, I didn't know you were an old hand around here, you dog. Why don't you tell me

about these good things! I thought you never did anything but work. Tell me, how are these chickens? I haven't seen them yet."

Major Joppolo said weakly: "I haven't seen the girls, except one of them in church. This is my first time here."

The girls came in then. Tina went directly to Major Joppolo and sat down beside him, and the dark one, Francesca, went straight to Captain Purvis.

The major was uncertain about what conversation was expected. "Do you always go to the Church of San Angelo?"

Tina blushed. "No," she said. "Giuseppe told me you were going to be there. I wanted to see what the American major was like. Most Sundays I go to the Church of the Benedettini."

Major Joppolo said: "What did you think of the American major?"

Tina said: "He breathes very loudly, like the leaky bellows of the pipe organ at the Benedettini."

The major laughed. "I was very late. I got working on something and lost track of time. I had to run to church."

Captain Purvis interrupted: "Damn you and your wop talk, major. You'll really make some time. All I can do is make eyes at this piece."

Giuseppe said: "Captain, Giuseppe's a translate. You talk and Giuseppe's a tell a Francesca what you say."

And so for a time Captain Purvis was engaged in conveying nonsense to Francesca by way of Giuseppe's uncertain interpretation. The general idea of Captain Purvis' remarks got across, however, for Francesca blushed more and more frequently.

Suddenly Tina jumped up and said, "Let's dance," and she ran over to the radio. "Moscow always has the best music," she said.

They pushed the table to the end of the room and the four of them danced until they were all sweating in the midsummer heat.

It was Tina who said: "Some fresh air, Mister Major?"

She slipped out through wooden shutter doors onto a narrow balcony over the dark street, and the major followed her. They stood against the cool iron of the balcony railing and looked up at the sharp stars. Tina said: "Do you like it here?"

Major Joppolo said: "I've never been so happy."

"That seems strange," Tina said, "when you're so far from home."

"I'm not so far from home, in a way. My father and mother were from a little town near Florence."

"Where are you from—in America, I mean?"

"The Bronx, Tina."

"Oh, I should love to go there. Is the Bronx beautiful? Is it beautiful for Florentines in the Bronx? How would it be for some one from Adano?"

"For my Florentine parents, I think it is beautiful. In Italy they were just poor peasants, and you know it is not very beautiful for most of the peasants here. There my father is a waiter. My mother has a washing machine. Father has a car. It is very beautiful for them, I think. For me it was not always so beautiful."

"Why not, Mister Major?"

"WELL, it's hard to explain. You see, I grew up in America. I could see that the Bronx was not the most beautiful place in America. I always wanted a little more than we had. I don't know—it's hard to explain."

"No," said Tina, "you don't have to explain. I know what it is to be restless. That's why my hair is blonde, I guess. I dyed it because I was not satisfied. My dark hair was my Bronx. Every one had dark hair. I wanted something different. Tell me some more about yourself. Did you go to one of those American colleges? I've seen them in the movies at Vicinamare."

"No, not exactly. I went to school until I was sixteen. Then I got a job as a clerk in a grocery store at twelve dollars a week."

"How much is that?"

"Twelve hundred lire."

"Twelve hundred lire! You must have been rich."

"No, Tina; twelve hundred lire is all right for Adano, but it's not so much in the States."

"You mean every one is rich in the Bronx?"

"No, I wouldn't say so, Tina. It's just that our standard of living is higher than yours. Every one has a little more than they have here. They usually have automobiles, the food is a little better. Every one gets orange juice and milk and things like that. They get paid a little more. They have to pay more for what they get, though."

"In other words, it's just what I said. Every one is rich in the Bronx."

"Well, have it your own way. Anyhow, I think fate has had a lot to do with my life, because one night a friend of mine told me that they were about to have examinations for jobs in the city government. He told me I ought to take them. I said I hadn't had enough education, but he said I ought to go ahead and try. So I did, and they gave me a job as a clerk in the Department of Taxation and Finance. I did all right, too. Only then they elected a man named LaGuardia, and since he was a different party from the previous man, a lot of people got thrown out, and I was one. I borrowed some money from my mother-in-law—"

"Your mother-in-law? Were you married?"

"Yes, Tina; I'll tell you about that sometime. I borrowed this money and bought a grocery store in the Bronx, and it was all mine. Only then, about two years later, things went badly, we had hard times, and I had to sell out before it was too late. I went back to the city to see if they'd have me back, and they gave me a job in the Sanitation Department. Later I took examinations for advancement, and I got to be a second-class clerk. I was earning forty-two dollars a week when I went into the Army."

Tina said: "The wife—is she pretty?"

Major Joppolo said: "Yes, she is very pretty; at least, she seems so to me. I miss her very much. She is of Italian parentage, so she has dark skin like yours. In some ways you remind me of her."

Tina had been looking up at the stars. But now she

suddenly looked down into the dark valley of the street and said: "Let's go in and dance."

Captain Purvis had gone to work on Tomasino's wine and he was making a decided nuisance of himself, so Major Joppolo persuaded him to go home. He and Giuseppe led the captain home.

When he got back to his own villa and was undressed and in bed, Major Joppolo felt miserable. It wasn't until nearly three o'clock that he realized why. It made a man feel very unhappy to be as far from home as the Bronx, New York, is from Adano, Italy.

The next morning Captain Purvis sat with his feet up on his desk. He was in a bad humor.

"That Major Joppolo," he said. "I was beginning to like

him, but he's a wet blanket. I was just getting a wonderful buzz on last night, and he descended on me, sober as a whitefish, and he made me go home."

Captain Purvis yawned, got up, walked around the room, and said: "Hell, I'm bored. Wish I had something to do."

He leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his desk again. As he did so he knocked some papers on the floor.

"Oh, hell," he said. "I suppose I might as well clean up my desk. Got to do it sooner or later."

He reached down on the floor and picked up the stray papers. In due course he picked up a purple slip, and he said: "Hell's bells, what's this, Trapani?"

Trapani took the slip and looked at it. "That's the report on the mule-cart situation, sir," he said coolly. "You told me to make out a report, remember? I put it on your desk for approval, sir."

Captain Purvis huffed and puffed. He knew very well he didn't pay as much attention to his desk as he ought to. "Well, damn it, let's send it out of here. I want to personally see you put that thing in the pouch for Division."

Sergeant Trapani sat right down and addressed an envelope, and put the slip in it, and put the envelope in the pouch which was to leave the next afternoon by courier for Division headquarters. He addressed the envelope to the wrong person at Division; but then, Captain Purvis didn't notice that.

Behind Major Joppolo's back Captain Purvis was very critical of him. To his face the captain was cordial, even friendly.

The two men now had, besides their mere community of tongue, another thing to draw them together: they both knew the same girls. In a foreign land that is enough to make Damon and Pythias out of two sworn enemies.

One day at lunch they talked about the girls. They talked as American men do talk about girls when they are abroad.

The captain said: "That younger one, that Francesca, she sure has a nice shape. What do you say we go up there tonight and see 'em?"

"Let's do that," the major said. "That would be fun."

Then he wondered why he had reacted so quickly and so happily to the captain's suggestion. He thought back on the crazy evening at Tomasino's house. He thought of Tina's frankness about her unnaturally blonde hair; he thought of his own chattering about his life, and about his wife; and he thought about his loneliness late into the night. He thought the whole thing was very strange.

But it was not strange. It was very simple, really. It was typical of the way most honest men feel when they are abroad. It was a typical pattern of loneliness. Major Joppolo loved his wife; he missed her terribly. When, after many months, he found himself near a moderately pretty girl who was sympathetic to him, he found himself first excited by her prettiness; then he grew sad and talked about the one he loved back home; then he was blackly lonely; then he caught himself thinking more and more often about the pretty one who was close by, and he was a little ashamed of thinking about her, and tried not to, but couldn't help it.

Major Joppolo's case was not as unique as he thought. He was just terribly lonely, and he was just behaving the way most men do in the face of such loneliness. (And Captain Purvis, who also had some one he loved back in the States, was behaving exactly like Major Joppolo; the only difference was the difference of his personality.)

AND so it happened that the two dissimilar men went that evening to the house at 9 Via Vittorio Emanuele with similar feelings of excitement and anticipation.

Major Joppolo and Captain Purvis caught the family of Tomasino by surprise that evening. The fat Rosa, Tomasino's wife, was sitting on the living-room floor plucking a chicken, and there were feathers all over the room. The radio was on, and Francesca and Tina were lying on the floor side by side, reading a cheap Italian romance.

Every one jumped up, the girls shouting greetings to the Americans. Tomasino and Rosa retired to the kitchen with the bird, to finish the job.

As soon as the two officers and the girls were left alone, Tina said, "Mister Major, I want to talk with you," and she stretched out her hand for his and led him into her bedroom. She sat down on her bed and the major sat down on a chair by a wooden dressing table.

"I want to ask you something, Mister Major," Tina said.

"Yes?" the major said. He did not know what to expect, but he expected it would please him, whatever it was.

"How long do you think it will be before our Italian prisoners of war are released?"

Major Joppolo got the point very quickly, and it did not please him in the least. "You have a sweetheart who has been captured?"

"I don't know whether he has been captured or killed or what. That is the bad part. That is why I wanted to talk with you, Mister Major. Giorgio and I were going to be married. Can you find out for me whether he is a prisoner, Mister Major?"

"What do you expect me to do, go through all our prison camps and ask all the men if they are the sweetheart of Tina in Adano?"

"You must have some lists, haven't you? Please help me. Not knowing is worse than having him dead. You have been so nice to me. I thought—"

"Is this why you were cordial to me? So that I could track down your lover?" Major Joppolo stood up. "I'm sorry that you have a mistaken idea of how I work. If you have business to do with me, do not invite me to your home. Come to my office. I will give you equal treatment with all the others."

And he turned and went into the living room, where Captain Purvis was shaping a heart with his two thumbs and forefingers and then pointing first at himself, then at Francesca.

"I'm going home, captain."

"What for? Hell, the evening's just getting warm."

"Oh, I'm fed up with this; I'm going home."

"Well, you'll excuse me if I don't come. I never thought I'd ever get anywhere talking with my fingers, but this isn't bad. See you tomorrow, major."

Later Major Joppolo was angry with himself for his childish petulance with Tina. He told himself that he

had no right to expect anything else. He reminded himself that he had done a little talking the first evening about his wife, and Tina hadn't flown off the way he did. But he couldn't bring himself to apologize to her, and for several days and nights he did not see her.

He had no way of knowing that Tina was just as lonely as he was, and he did not realize that female loneliness sometimes takes the same forms as male loneliness.

SERGEANT TRAPANI'S having addressed the purple slip to the wrong person did not help much. As soon as the wrong person opened up the envelope and read the slip, he forwarded it to the right person.

The right person was Lieutenant Colonel W. Norris, G-1 officer of the 49th Division. Colonel Norris, who was burdened down with much too much paper work, did not even read it all the way through. He just read the first part and wrote on a corner: "Usual copies for Division files. One extra copy to be sent to Colonel Middleton marked 'For General Marvin's Information.'" And then he tossed the slip in his outgoing basket.

A couple of hours later a technical sergeant emptied Colonel Norris' outgoing basket and in time put the four copies and the original purple slip into Colonel Norris' incoming basket, where Lieutenant Butters found them. The lieutenant called the technical sergeant over to his desk.

"That major was right," the lieutenant said. "And if General Marvin ever lays eyes on this information copy it'll be just too bad for the major. Here, you file these; I'll take care of the information copy."

"Yes, sir," the technical sergeant said. Then he frowned and added: "You aren't going to get me in trouble, are you, sir?"

"No, don't worry," the lieutenant said.

But the technical sergeant did worry until he got up the courage to ask the lieutenant: "Sir, what did you ever do about the Information copy for General Marvin? You didn't throw it away, did you?"

"I wish I had thrown it away," Lieutenant Butters said. "I didn't have the guts. I put it in the courier pouch for Algiers. You know how much stuff we've been losing on that run. I thought maybe—"

The technical sergeant, relieved of his worry, smiled and said: "It might get lost accidentally on purpose?"

TINA waited for a week, hoping to hear from the major. Then one morning she went to the Palazzo. When Zito led her to Major Joppolo's desk, she said defiantly: "You said that if I had business with you, I should come to your office. I have come."

Major Joppolo said: "I am sorry I said that. I have been trying to find out the thing you wanted to know."

Tina was all softness now. "Do you mean about my Giorgio? Have you found out? Is he a prisoner?"

"I don't know yet. But I may have some word for you on all the prisoners in a few days."

"Oh, Mister Major, I thank you. I thank you and I kiss your hand."

She ran all the way home and threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him on both cheeks, and he put his arms around her and pressed her a little and said glumly: "My little Tina, I think you are crazy."

MAJOR JOPPOLO had occasion to talk with Lieutenant Livingston of the Navy a few weeks after the day he politely blackmailed him into letting the fishermen go out. As he called up this time he remembered that other conversation, and he decided that a new tactic might be advisable.

"Hello, captain," he said. "This is Joppolo. Say, I just called to tell you that a lot of people have told me that this whole town's grateful to you."

The Kent-Yale voice was suspicious: "What for?"

The major said: "For being able to eat fish. You'd be amazed at what a difference it makes around here. Just this morning old Bellanca, the guy I have as mayor now, asked me if he ought to write you a personal letter of thanks."

Lieutenant Livingston expressed a warming interest: "Is that a fact?"

Major Joppolo said: "Yeah. I told him I'd thank you for him. I want to thank you for myself, too. I have fish every day for lunch now, and every mouthful I take I say a little word of thanks to the Navy for sending the fishermen out."

Lieutenant Livingston was in the bag. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we had some fish down here at the Navy Club last night. It was all right, too." The Kent-Yale voice lowered to a confidential murmur. "I got ahold of some Scotch, a few cases. Come on down and have a drink sometime."

Major Joppolo said: "I sure will. I feel like I could use one every once in a while. And I've got another little problem you might help me on sometime."

"Sure thing," the lieutenant said. "Glad to help you any time."

"OH, dear," said Private First Class Everett B. Banto, mail clerk in A. P. O. 917, in Algiers. "Oh, dear, I don't see how we're ever going to win the war."

"What's itching your pants now?" said Sergeant Walter Frank, another clerk, who was reading somebody else's magazine.

"Gosh, Walter!" Private Banto said. "Gosh, but we're inefficient. Look here. This is supposed to be addressed to some one in the 49th Division, which is over there, and it's from some one else in the 49th Division, right there too, and they sent it all the way back to Algiers. Isn't that terrible?"

"Oh, yes, it's just terrible!" said Sergeant Frank, imitating Private Banto's voice.

"Well, what should I do about it, Walter?"

"Well, if it don't look important, you can throw it in the dead-letter basket. That's what we usually do."

"You couldn't do *that*, Walter."

"Hell you couldn't. What the hell's one paper more or less?"

"It might be important."

"Well, look at it. What the hell is it about?"

"It says: 'For information. *Re* carts, Adano.' And then it has something about an order that General Marvin issued, and then apparently a certain Major Joppolo countermanded the order, or something."

"It's about General Marvin? Throw it away!"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare." And Walter put the memorandum in the pouch to go back to the front.

MAJOR JOPPOLO showed up at the Navy Club at six o'clock for the drink Livingston had asked him to have. There were about twelve officers sitting around, and Lieutenant Livingston introduced Major Joppolo. He had apparently been telling the others what a good guy the major was, because their responses were cordial.

They talked for a while about how the invasion was going, and then, as Major Joppolo started in on his second drink, about the big part the U. S. Navy was playing in the whole operation.

"Yes, *sir*," said Major Joppolo, whose tongue was becoming pleasantly loose in his head. "I take my hat off to the Navy." And he raised his glass.

"That," said Lieutenant Commander Robertson, "is the first Army man I ever saw that was willing to give the Navy credit."

"Navy's the only bunch that can get anything done around here," the major said. "Don't know what I'd do without Livingston."

Livingston glowed but said, "I haven't done anything."

"Don't hand me that stuff," the major said. Then he turned to the others. "Listen. Every time I try to get anything out of the Army, they tell me to put it in writing. Now, Livingston here—"

"That reminds me," Livingston said. "You said you had something on your mind. Want to go in the other room?"

"Nothing hush-hush," the major said. "Might as well tell you right here."

And he told about Adano's seven-hundred-year-old bell. He told how it had been taken away, and how he had tried to get another. Two drinks had made his mind relax and he told his story beautifully.

He made the town's need for a new bell seem something really important. He made it seem as if the people of

Adano would not feel truly free until they heard a bell ringing from the clock tower of the Palazzo.

And not just any bell. He described what he thought was needed in the bell: a full, rich tone, and a touch of history that would mean something to the Italians.

His story was nicely told and his audience was just right. The Navy has a quick sense of tradition and the Navy men were able to grasp the idea of the bell and be moved by it.

Major Joppolo finished: "And that's all it was, Livingston. I think I want to get this town the right bell more than I've ever wanted anything in my life."

Commander Robertson was the first one to speak. "Seems to me we ought to be able to find just the kind of bell you want, major," he said.

"If you can," Major Joppolo said, "I'm going to switch over to the Navy."

The commander said: "How would this be, major? There's a destroyer named for an Italian-American, the U. S. S. Corelli—you know her, boys. Well, all destroyers have ship's bells. They have to be loud and clear, so that the men can hear them all over the ship. I don't know about you boys, but I think the sound I love better than anything in the world is the sound of my ship's bell. It means the whole ship to me. I think a ship's bell could get to be that way for a town."

Major Joppolo was looking out of the window. He was thinking. "Maybe it could," he said.

Commander Robertson went on: "There's a reason why the Corelli's in on this invasion. You see, the Navy thinks about that kind of thing. There was something about Captain Corelli, the guy it was named for. He did something in the last war over here in the Mediterranean. There's a good tie-in there, major."

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Do you think we could get the Corelli to give up her bell? You said you liked your bell so much: would *you* give it up?"

Commander Robertson said: "For a thing like this, if it was put to me in the right way, I think I would. The good thing is that Toot Dowling—he has the Corelli—was in my class at the Academy. Hell, I'm sure I could persuade him, if I could just find him."

The communications officer said: "Wait a minute—I think I remember seeing something about the Corelli in that intercept that I decoded last night."

Commander Robertson said: "Yeah, that's right, she was mentioned. Farley, would you mind going out to the ship and finding that order?"

While Farley was on his way the others talked about new things, but the major did not enter much into the conversation. He was trying to imagine the sound of the new bell, and he could see the people crowding in the square to hear it for the first time, and he saw himself on the balcony, making a little speech, telling them the meaning of the bell, and saying that he hoped that they knew now the meaning of freedom.

Farley came back with the order in his hand, and Commander Robertson read the message to himself. "Let's see—Corelli, Corelli. Here it is. Major, I think we'll get you your bell."

Major Joppolo stood up. "Gee," he said, "I didn't expect action like this. If you think you could—"

Commander Robertson said: "Leave it to me, major. I'll get all the details from Livingston here."

Major Joppolo turned to Livingston. "I don't know how to thank you," he said.

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Well, it's all the commander's doing. But I'm glad it's working out."

Major Joppolo left quite abruptly.

Commander Robertson said: "If that lad thinks the Navy is efficient, he's really going to get a surprise this time. We'll get him that bell within a week. The Corelli's putting in day after tomorrow just up the line."

"Do you really think you can get it?" Lieutenant Livingston said

"From Toot Dowling?" The Commander laughed. "Hell, he's a push-over."

THE idea of a party for Major Joppolo grew up in a peculiar way. It came up partly because of real affection for the major. But it was also partly because Captain Purvis wanted to see if he couldn't make some time with Francesca.

Giuseppe stopped in to see him at the M. P. command post one afternoon. Giuseppe was just keeping his butter evenly spread. "How's a thing, a cap?" he asked. "Why you don't a go see Francesca no more?"

"There's nothing there, Giuseppe. The family's always hanging around. You can't have much fun with a whole bunch around. No, Giuseppe. If I play house with a little dolly, I like a little privacy."

"Giuseppe's a fix. You can have a some fun. Giuseppe fix a party."

"There you go with a crowd again. Hell, no; let's have a little privacy."

"How about a major?"

"Yeah, I suppose we got to think of him. You know, Giuseppe, he's a funny guy. Sometimes I think he's an awful wet blanket, and sometimes I can't help liking him. You know what I think we ought to do? I think we ought to throw a party for him. Or, rather, I think we ought to rig it so these Italians throw a party for him. With people like the mayor and some nice girls, of course. If we really had a big party, then a certain captain and a certain young lady could do a disappearing act."

Giuseppe winked. "How many you want, a cap?"

"Oh, I don't know. You can get some of these Italians together and decide. I'll put up whatever dough you need. We could have it down at the villa where my men stay."

"When you want a party?" Giuseppe asked.

"Well, pretty soon. How about next Friday?"

And so it happened that in his mail, two or three days later, Major Joppolo got a card on which was written in Italian: "A committee of the people of Adano request the pleasure of your company at a party in honor of his Excellency the Mister Major Victor Joppolo on Friday evening, July 30th, at Villa Rossa, 71 Via Umberto the First, at 8.30 P. M."

THE morning the prisoners were released the sun was bright and Adano looked its best.

It was a fine day for coming home.

The released prisoners stopped by at Zapulla's bakery, and as they approached the square almost every one of them had half a loaf of good white bread in his hand. They sang and shouted, "Going home! Going home!" as they walked up the street. There was laughter in some of their throats and some of them were crying.

The war aim of most men is to go home. And so for these Italian boys the hateful war was fulfilled, and they were incredibly happy as they walked up the street.

There had not been any advance notice of the prisoners' release, but somehow the word spread far ahead of their actual approach, like gusts of wind ahead of an oncoming cloud. And the women all ran to the sidewalk in front of the Palazzo and watched. They stood there with their hands at their throats.

The men walking up the street saw the women standing there. Their happiness was terrifying; they walked slowly toward their women.

The men did not break into a run. The women ran toward the men. There was equal happiness on both sides. It just happened that most of the men knew their women would be there, whereas some of the women were not sure that their men would be there. That was the difference. That is why the women ran.

One of the women in the crowd was Tina. She had been expecting this thing ever since the major had spoken to her about it, and she kept herself very available.

She was dressed in her nicest dress, and her hair had been combed until it shone and its blondness looked almost real.

She ran forward with the others. Her eyes explored the crowd of men half lovingly, half fearfully. She pushed at the women in front of her and struggled for a better view.

You can be sure that Major Joppolo was down in the street. He wanted to be there to savor the happiness in Adano. But he also shared the specific curiosity which drove Tina forward. He too wondered whether Giorgio was there.

The women came close. Some had recognized their men and were screaming the names with trembling voices.

Now at last the men broke into a run. They had only about ten paces to go. The two crowds mingled. The couples who found each other embraced each other. Some laughed and some cried, some whispered and some screamed, some pounded and some caressed.

You could begin to see the ones who were not going to find their men at all. They darted faster and faster from couple to couple, repeating the name, asking. The faces of these women went paler and paler, and finally they began to cry. Curiously, most of these women did not scream, but cried silently; the tears just coursed down their empty faces.

Tina did not have to dart from couple to couple. Major Joppolo was standing close beside her when she found out.

A young man left his woman. He went over to Tina and stood before her and shook his head. That was all he had to do. Tina knew.

Major Joppolo stepped forward and took Tina's hand. Her hand was cold and loose in his, and she did not seem to realize that he was there.

He did not hurry her away from the crowd. He let her cry until the tears were all gone and her sobs grew dry and awful. He touched her all the time, with a hand on her shoulder or the back of a hand against her bare arm, just to let her know that some one was there.

Finally the major took Tina home. He was wonderfully gentle with her. His sympathy seemed to help her, and quite often she looked up into his face in a way which gave him a feeling in the chest.

Finally he said to her: "Tina, I don't know whether it's fair to say this now, but I'm going to say it anyhow. Tina, I—well, maybe I'd better wait and tell you another time."

She looked up into his face in a way that made him think she was disappointed, but she said very softly: "Maybe you'd better."

He said: "I'll tell you at the party on Friday."

She repeated softly: "On Friday." And then she looked away and said: "You know, it's very strange, but I never knew whether I loved Giorgio. I admired him, and sometimes I was afraid of him, and he meant very much to me in ways. But his flesh was very cold. His mind was very stubborn. I still don't know—"

She started crying again.

GENERAL MARVIN believed in what he called "keeping in touch." He liked to know what was going on, both in the world and in the Army. Accordingly, he had his aide Lieutenant Byrd read to him for about an hour each morning. That Monday morning the courier pouches had arrived from Algiers, and the lieutenant read him various things from the pouch.

The general had been in an excellent mood. But, as always seemed to be the case, when Lieutenant Byrd started in on the memoranda from various officers, the old man gradually got angry.

Memoranda always seemed to be written about things that had gone wrong. Sometimes the general would bellow directions to Colonel Middleton, sitting in the next room. At others he would roar: "The hell with 'em! They're no worse off than all the others. The answer is no."

Lieutenant Byrd picked up one of the memoranda and read: "On July 19 orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted and order carried out—"

The general said: "Damn right, damn carts."

Lieutenant Byrd droned on, hardly noticing what he read: "On July 20 guards were removed on order of Major—"

Lieutenant Byrd suddenly realized what he was reading. He put the memorandum down and picked up the next.

But the general roared: "Finish it, dammit, finish it!"

The lieutenant read: "—were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, Civil Affairs Officer—"

Now the general had forgotten about finishing the memorandum. "Joppolo!" he shouted, "Joppolo!"

General Marvin's memory worked in a peculiar fashion.

"Middleton!" he shouted. "Come in here, Middleton."

The colonel came in.

"Middleton, remember the name of Joppolo?"

Colonel Middleton said, with a tired face: "Yes, sir. The carts."

General Marvin bellowed: "I just remembered something. Joppolo was out of uniform that day. You remember? He had on pinks and a khaki shirt. You remember that?"

Colonel Middleton said: "No, sir; I had forgotten that."

Lieutenant Byrd said: "It goes on to say here, sir: 'carts were essential to town and town was in bad shape without same.'"

The general stood up. "Dammit," he said, "I've had enough of Joppolo. Make out an order recalling that Italian wop from that town—what's the name—"

Lieutenant Byrd said: "Adano, sir."

"Order him to report back to Algiers for reassignment. Make out a separate report to Algiers explaining why. Get it off today—none of your delays."

"Yes, sir," Lieutenant Byrd said.

AT a little after seven the evening before the party, Major Joppolo, who was still working so as to be ahead for the next day, heard a commotion outside the door of his office. He heard a woman crying and shouting, and Zito the usher arguing with her, evidently trying to keep her out.

The major went to the door, opened it, and told the woman to come in. She had a child in her arms, and she burst at once into a swift hysterical flood: "He almost died of malaria, but God saved him, and he was spared. O Lord Jesus, he had such beautiful eyes—the eyes of his father—oh, my child, my child! I have brought him through so much and I love him so much. What shall I do?"

The woman gently laid the child down on the major's broad desk, and the major saw that the child was dead.

She babbled on with her hysterical, lonely talk. Major Joppolo called Zito and asked him to get Gargano, chief of the carabinièri.

When Gargano came in, the woman had calmed enough to tell the major that the child had been struck and killed by an American military truck.

The boy had been shouting for caramels which the American soldiers threw to the children from the trucks.

He and two or three others had noticed that the ones who always got the candies were the ones out in front. They were a little bigger than the others, so they banded together. One scrambled for the candies while the others joined hands and held the other children back. The others saw they were being cheated, so they in turn banded together to break through the cordon, and, with a squealing rush, succeeded. Their momentum threw two children against this boy, who was picking up the candies, and the blow threw him in front of the next truck.

Major Joppolo did what he could to comfort the mother.

He told her that she would be paid some money and that the town would try to look out for her. He said he would see to it that the child got a decent burial.

"I hope you will not hate the Americans because of this thing," he said. "Please try to remember in your grief that the reason the children were out there running into danger was that the Americans have been generous with them, too generous. Sometimes generosity is a fault with Americans; sometimes it does harm. But it is the best thing we Americans can bring with us to Europe. So please do not hate the Americans."

"Gargano," the major said, after she had left, "it will make the children unhappy, but we'll have to stop them from running after the candies. Tomorrow evening I want you to round up all the children who are on the street shouting for caramels. Take them to the police station and keep them there till it is dark. Then call their mothers in and let them take them home. It's the only thing we can do—teach them a lesson."

Gargano's face fell. "But, Mister Major," he said, "tomorrow night is the party. I would be bitter if I had to miss the party."

The major said: "Gargano, the children of Adano are much more important than any party."

Gargano raised his hands in resignation. "Yes, Mister Major," he said.

THE day of the party came, and many things happened. At about nine thirty in the morning a U. S. Navy truck pulled up in front of the Palazzo. Five men unloaded a crate from it onto the sidewalk, and a chief petty officer went inside and delivered a note for Major Victor Joppolo.

Major Joppolo opened the note and read:

Dear Major:

The U. S. Navy is delighted to be able to do the U. S. Army a favor. Here is your bell . . .

The major jumped up and shouted: "The bell! The bell! They have brought us our bell." And he ran out on the balcony just in time to see the Navy truck pull away. He saw the crate sitting there on the sidewalk.

The major hurried back inside and, picking up the phone, called the Engineers. It took only a moment to arrange to have a squad come to raise the bell to the tower. Then he called Lieutenant Livingston and thanked him for his part in getting the bell. He said, "You're coming to the 'raising,' aren't you?"

"Wouldn't miss it, major."

"Well, see you there, captain. Thanks a hell of a lot."

"Don't mention it. Say, there's just one thing, major. I'm a lieutenant. It takes a long time to get to be a captain in the Navy."

"Is that a fact?" the major said. "Well, you ought to be a captain soon," and he hung up.

He picked up the note and finished it:

Thought you might be interested to know a little more about Corelli and the background of the bell. Toot Dowling said his full name was Vincent Corelli and he had a destroyer in the last war. Corelli was on escort duty in the North Atlantic, and an Italian freighter got in a hell of a storm and broke down. Corelli left his station with a convoy and took off all the Italians with breeches buoy. It was very dangerous to close with the freighter in that kind of a storm. That was on November 12, 1917. Toot says. I think the dope is correct and I hope you enjoy the noise it makes.

If you ever get in any trouble, just come around to the Navy, and I'm sure they'll be able to fix you up.

Yours for collaboration between the services.

Rock Robertson (Lt. Comdr., USN).

Long before the Engineers were due, Major Joppolo was out on the sidewalk beside the crated bell, waiting for them to come. He was thinking about what he would say to the people of Adano when the bell was hung.

At first his thoughts were confused because he was excited. But gradually the thoughts began to sort themselves out and everything came very straight to Major Joppolo.

He would say a few words about the removal of the old bell. Then he would tell how the people of Adano had interested him in trying to get a new one. Then a few words about Corelli and what he had done for Italians in the last war, and then perhaps something about the Americans' Liberty Bell. He would tell about the inscription on that bell, the words from Leviticus: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

And then everything was wonderfully clear in the mind of Victor Joppolo. He knew exactly what he would say. Words came to him which were beautiful and were the truth about the new bell and its meaning for Adano,

and about what he, Victor Joppolo, wanted for the people of Adano. The words were as clear as anything can be, and as true.

AT about two o'clock the courier came by motorcycle from Vicinamare. Sergeant Borth saw him from his office, and went across to Major Joppolo's office to see what there was in the official mail. Major Joppolo was out, so Borth decided to riffle through it.

In time he came on a paper addressed to Major Joppolo. He read it:

1. You are authorized to proceed by first available transportation to A. F. H. Q., Algiers, via port of Vicinamare.

2. Reassignment of station will be made by A. F. H. Q.

3. Reason for this order is that reference (1) did willfully and without consultation countermand orders issued by General Marvin, 49th Division, *re* entry of mule carts into town of Adano.

And the order was signed by General Marvin.

Sergeant Borth folded the order, put it in his pocket, and left the building. He went directly to the M. P. command post in the Fascio.

He said to Captain Purvis: "The major's been relieved. He's been ordered back to Algiers for reassignment."

"What the hell for?"

"Insubordination. Countermanding an order by Marvin about mule carts."

Captain Purvis had forgotten all about the report he had sent to Division. Now that he remembered, he didn't have the courage to say anything about it. All he said was: "What a hell of a note!"

Borth said: "I'll say it's a hell of a note. The major's just begun to accomplish things in this town."

Captain Purvis said: "Yeah, I guess he has. Does the major know about it?"

"No, the major's out. I'm not going to tell him about it until after the party tonight."

A LITTLE after seven o'clock Gargano went out to round up the children who were shouting for caramels. He took three carabinièri and the police truck. They found the children out in force, shouting: *"Caramelle! Caramelle!"* at every vehicle that passed.

The truck stopped, and Gargano told the others to

open the back and let down the ladder there. And he stood up near the back of the truck and shouted: "Come, little children, and get your caramels!"

At first the children were frightened by the police truck and drew back. But Gargano beckoned with both hands and shouted: "Come, children. We will have a regular picnic of caramels. First come, first served. Come with Gargano for the feast of caramels!"

The children wavered. They looked at each other and wondered.

Gargano made motions of putting things in his mouth. "Huge piles of caramels! Come, little children. No shouting. No scrambling. Just eating! Come with Gargano."

Now there began a general rush for the truck. As the children fought for positions at the ladder, they shouted in unison: *"Caramelle! Caramelle!"*

The truck drove off toward the police station, where there was not a single piece of candy.

THE party started out to be a success from every one's point of view. The people of the town were immensely happy: they had not had such a time for years. Giuseppe, the organizer, basked in constant congratulations. There was enough champagne to suit Captain Purvis and too much to permit him to molest any pretty girls. And Major Joppolo and Tina managed quite early in the evening to slip out onto a balcony.

Tina said, "Are you happy?"

"Of all the happy days I've had in Adano," the major said, "this has been—and still is—the nicest."

"Then tell me what you promised the other day you would tell me."

"Tell me first: have you decided what you felt about Giorgio?"

Tina said, "No. I'll never know now."

He said, "Why not?"

She drew away a little and said in a very small voice: "Because I know how I feel about you."

He went to her. "That was all I wanted to tell you, Tina. I know how I feel, too. I am very fond of you. I am only really happy when I am near you."

He wanted to kiss her, but she said: "What's that?"

He said: "What's what?"

She said: "That noise. Can't you hear it?"

There was a murmur on the air. It had been there for some time, but the murmur of the party inside had swallowed it. Now the murmur outside seemed to be growing.

He pointed off to the left and said: "It's over there. What's over in that direction?"

"Well," she said, "there's the Church of the Orphanage, and the house of Cacopardo, and Zapulla's bakery, and the police station—"

"The police station!" Major Joppolo took Tina's hand and said: "Come with me."

They walked to the police station, and all the way the murmur seemed to grow on the night air. By the time they got close, it had clarified into the wailing and shrieking of many children.

When the major and Tina went in, they saw all the children weeping and shouting angrily at Gargano. He was trying to explain to them why there were no caramels in the police station. But the terrible guilt of his lies would not be forgiven by the children. When the children saw the Mister Major, they started stamping and shouting in unison: *"Caramelle! Caramelle!"*

And now the major made the last public speech he would ever make in Adano. He didn't know that it would be his last, but he made it simple and right, and if he had planned a farewell speech he couldn't have done better.

"Children of Adano," he said, "I am sorry to have to tell you that there are no caramels here. But I'm sure that Gargano didn't mean any harm when he told you that there would be caramels here. He told you that so as to be sure that you would come, because he had something very important to tell you.

"Gargano, may I tell them?"

Gargano nodded.

"Children, you know the little Calvi boy who was hit by the truck last night? Do you know why he was hit? Pasquale, son of Gigante, do you know why he was hit?"

Pasquale was one of the larger boys who had teamed up to outwit the others. He shook his head.

Marco, one of the smaller ones who had been cheated, said: "Because he was selfish."

"Marco is right. Marco says that the Calvi boy was killed because he was selfish. That is what Gargano wanted to tell you—isn't it, Gargano?"

That was not just what Gargano had in mind, but he nodded absently.

"The Calvi boy would never have been killed if he and the other big ones had not been selfish. If they had not tried to get everything themselves, no one would have been hurt and all would have had some candies.

"Now, we don't want any more children killed in this town. I am going to appoint a committee who will appoint two children to collect the candies carefully each evening as the trucks go through town. The American soldiers will go on throwing candies. Of that I'm certain. The two collectors will put the candy in a box, and the committee will give out the candies. That means that every one will have some and no one will be hurt. I want you to be happy together. I want all of you to have as much as you can of what you want, without hurting any one else. That is what I want in Adano."

The major left, and Gargano took the children home.

On the way back to the party, Tina said: "Now I know why I love you."

Major Joppolo said: "Why?"

"Because of what you want for Adano. That's why every one here loves you. There is no one here who will say a bad word about you, and that's a rare thing in Adano."

The major said: "And I know why I like you."

"Why?"

"For a very selfish reason: because you make me feel as if I were almost important."

When the major and Tina got back to the party, Giuseppe met them, wringing his hands and making desperate faces.

"Mister Major, where have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere! Your sergeant is misbehaving. I can't do anything with him."

The major said to Tina, "Wait here," and he went off.

BORTH was alone and quite drunk, and when he saw the major he began to cry.

Major Joppolo said sharply: "Borth, behave yourself or go home."

Borth was drunk because of the major. He had never been drunk in uniform before. But when the major spoke so angrily, a streak of contrariness in Borth came out. He said thickly: "You can't boss me around."

"Sergeant Borth," the major said, with obvious emphasis on the word Sergeant.

"Don't Sergeant me," Borth said. "You have no 'thority to boss me. You can't boss *anybody*, not in Adano."

"Borth, you're drunk. Now behave."

"Joppolo, you're fired. You been relieved. You're nobody round here." And Borth began to cry again.

"Borth, I don't know what you're talking about, but I—"

The major broke off and went over to Borth and took him by the arm, to try to lead him out.

"Take your hands off me," Borth said. He reached in his pocket and said: "Here, read that."

Major Joppolo read the order. "Where did you get this?"

Borth was crying again. "Your desk. I wanted to keep you from seeing it until after the party."

The major walked out of the room.

Victor Joppolo put up a beautiful front for the rest of the evening, until the very moment when he was saying good night to Tina just inside her front door. Then he put his arms around her and said miserably: "I'm so unhappy!"

Tina pushed back and looked at his face. She put her hands on his shoulders and said: "But I thought you were so happy!"

The major was in control of himself again. "I am," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Is it because of your wife?" Tina asked.

"No, Tina, it's nothing." Then, in the shadow of the stairway of her house, he kissed her tenderly and said: "Till I see you again."

She was frightened and she said: "What is the matter? You sound as if you were saying good-by instead of good night. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Tina. Good night, Tina."

IT was the middle of the morning before Major Joppolo could get his papers straightened up. Sergeant Borth was the one who helped him get everything arranged. Captain Purvis did not have the courage to show himself all morning.

The major called the motor pool and asked for a jeep to take him to Vicinamare.

Then he told Borth: "I don't want to say good-by to any one, Borth. I don't know whether I could."

Borth did not mock this morning. He said: "I am sorry about last night, major. My intentions were good. I wanted you to have a good time at the party."

"I know." The major thought a minute and then said: "Borth, try to help whoever takes my place to try to do a good job in Adano. Adano needs an understanding man."

Borth said. "Adano needs you, major."

The major said: "Too late to talk about that. I wonder how Marvin ever found out about the carts."

Borth suspected Captain Purvis, but he said: "One of his staff must have driven through or something."

The major said: "Yes, I guess so."

The jeep came. Major Joppolo went downstairs and got in.

He shook Borth's hand but he did not say good-by.

The driver said: "Where to, major?"

The major did not want to say Vicinamare so any one could hear it. Perhaps he could not say it. Anyhow, he just said, "This way," and he pointed out the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

About four miles outside the town the major said to the driver: "Stop a minute, would you, please?"

The driver stopped the jeep.

"Listen," the major said. "Do you hear something?"

It was a fine sound on the summer air. The tone was good and it must have been loud to hear it as far as this.

"Just a bell," the driver said. "Must be eleven o'clock."

"Yes," the major said. He looked over the hills across the sea, and the day was as clear as the sound of the bell itself, but the major could not see or think very clearly.

"Yes," he said. "Eleven o'clock."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IN **The Outnumbered,** a novel by **Catherine Hutter,** many are going to see the influence of the present renaissance of the religious novel. For this book is surcharged with religious feeling and reaches its emotional climax in the revelation of a religious phenomenon.

But even without this climax The Outnumbered stands up as a beautiful and moving story. It opens with the death of a Jewish peddler on the road, near a tiny Austrian village. There he is discovered by some children of the village as his wife and five-year-old daughter bewail their loss.

The death is reported, and partly because of some strange compulsion, partly because of whim,

Catherine Hutter

the mother and daughter are taken in by an aristocratic Austrian doctor of Jewish origin who now runs a sanitarium for the élite. The mother dies soon after her husband is buried, and the daughter, Fehge, is brought up by the doctor and his head nurse.

Fehge is drawn toward the cross, toward Catholicism and devout faith. She grows up a model of devotion, goodness, and service. As she is growing, the storm that is Nazism is brewing and as she reaches womanhood the brown tide sweeps over Austria.

In the village where she is remembered for her Jewish origin, it relentlessly reaches her. And here, as the storm is about to engulf and destroy her, the religious

Robert Bright

miracle occurs which points toward the ultimate defeat of those who can crush people but not faith and religious idealism.

Whether you accept this phenomenon on a religious or a psychological level, or even if you reject it completely, The Outnumbered will prove a fine novel. It is a living slice of Austria before Anschluss, an enlightening picture of the people who were almost too paralyzed by fear to save themselves or to attempt it.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., New York. Price, $2.75.

ONE of the most graceful novels to come this way in quite a while is **The Life and Death of Little Jo,** by **Robert Bright.**

It is the story of José Sandovilla, a Mexican-American who lived in a remote New Mexican village among simple people of his own kind. José was the son of Eloy, a murderer, and of Inocencia, who knew Eloy had killed under the compulsion of a towering wrath which was not his fault, and that he was at heart a good man.

She brought up José to realize this, and while she was alive Cornelio, the old musician, helped her. When she died and his Aunt Luz and Uncle Julian took little Jo in, they tried to kill that belief. But Jo proved too strong for them, and too wise. He grew up to find his own way of life, following in Eloy's footsteps as a player of the guitar and sweet singer of his people's songs.

He knew enough to love and marry Mela, too, instead of the more luscious but less trustworthy Lupita. Thus, all might have gone on quietly had it not been for the war which Hitler started against God, so that Jo must go and fight—the war and Jo's own fiery nature, which exploded against his cousin Vidal, a meddler who couldn't live as the village preferred men to live.

It is simply written, and although it tells of love and death, murder and hatred, crime, and a good bit of ugliness, the people in it are so near to primitive religion, to the soil and to elementals, that it is not sordid and ugly. It rather reflects the charm and simplicity of the people and is quite a memorable book.

Published by Doubleday, Doran, New York. Price, $2.

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"Oh," Casey had said. And then, looking at Mag's steady gaze, she'd said, "Oh! Oh, Mag!"

"Now, now," Mag said. "Maggie's a big girl and a bright one and she knows all about the pits that yawn at the feet of a young girl. Just skip it, darling."

So they had skipped it, and now Mag was continuing, "I guess that's why I was afraid to get married with a war on. What you're going through is a preview of what a lot of yesterday's wide-eyed war brides will be in for. Men don't come back from war all at once. They come little by little. First their bodies and then their minds and then their memories."

"Jerry's all right," Casey said firmly, to herself as well as to Mag. "As a matter of fact, he's downtown today being interviewed for a job as a sort of junior lawyer in an old established law firm. So you see . . ."

"SO you see," the elderly man behind the broad mahogany desk was saying, and Jerry tried to listen to him and not let his mind run on like this, speculating what the man had been doing with his life these past two years of war. Buying his share of war bonds, of course, and buying them proudly and dutifully. Buying a few for his grandchildren. "Safest investment there is." The man had a white mane of hair of which he seemed inordinately proud, his hand going to it every few minutes, petting it, in a gesture that had become habit. "You see how it is, captain. We're going to do everything we can for the boys coming back, of course. We're taking back all our own men. But of course the war hasn't brought any boom to the law business. Quite the contrary. Quite the contrary. And as for this administration—"

"Yes," Jerry agreed solemnly. "Isn't it?"

"No big estates, no big company mergers any more. If it weren't for divorces, lawyers would be starving. We'd like to take you on, though, captain. We really would. I don't know what your thoughts were on salary—coming right from law school this way, no experience in a law office. Shall we say fifty dollars a week? Of course, that'll run right along up as soon as you prove yourself, as I know you will. Mr. Rider spoke very highly of you. . . ."

"Well, suppose I sleep on it?"

"Sure, sure. We don't really need men. I mean, we can certainly use you, but it isn't as though our need were urgent. Some of our own men are beginning to trickle back to fill the gaps. Any time, captain. Any time."

THERE is a huge black-faced clock at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, with gold hands and gold numerals, and crowds moving along beneath it always raise their eyes to note the time. Sunlight glinted against it now, with the hands at half past two.

Casey and Mag were just leaving Tony's, their neatly gloved hands signaling frantically for a taxi.

In Casey's office, Miss Monaghan noted the time on the tiny onyx-and-gold desk clock, and said into the phone, "But she'll be here any minute, Mr. Bower."

On his high narrow hospital bed, Harry Bower groaned, and his nurse said, "Now, Mr. Bower. There's nothing you can do until the young lady gets back to her office."

"Why don't you shut up?" Harry snapped uncivilly.

In Hollywood, in a particularly maudlin mood, Kitty Price had swallowed poison and all hell was going to let loose unless Casey could fly out there tonight and hush things up. His respectability threatened, Harry Bower was limp with fright.

Where was that girl?

At half past two Bennett Rider left the stage door of the Broadhurst Theater after a rehearsal in which nothing had gone right. The new play wasn't any good, and he knew it. There was the Hollywood offer that had been kicking around for months, and he ought to take it. Get out of town.

He hailed a cruising taxi. "Grand Central Station." If he couldn't get a reservation, he'd travel day coach.

As his taxi rattled down Fifth Avenue Ben caught a quick glimpse of Jerry Hayes standing, as though fascinated, beneath the clock at Fifty-seventh Street, his eyes on the golden hands that marked the time.

Just such a clock had been set in a building of the City Hall in a ruined town. Jerry had almost tiptoed down the rubble-strewn streets, full of the feeling that a hundred eyes were on him, that every gutted window had a sniper crouched behind it. Sunlight had glinted and glittered on the gold numerals. It was half past two. The Germans were still retreating. You could hear the boom of their artillery on the outskirts of the town. It was very warm and still. Jerry had been sent on ahead to question prisoners and prepare the inhabitants for the coming of the Americans.

Until the Germans retreated farther, the peasants would be afraid to leave their caves. The steep slopes on both sides of the village were honeycombed with bunkers walled with sandbags, roofed with stone, and from them the Germans had taken their toll of the attacking Americans. He was going up a steep lane between the ghostly shells of houses when he heard the girl crying. She sat on the floor of a roofless house talking to an old man who must have been her father. He was dead, but his bright blue eyes were wide and apprehensive still.

"All dead," the girl said, gesturing behind her.

He had said, "I know." He had lifted her up. She was young and very beautiful, her eyes wide and dark, fixed on his face. She was trembling, and all at once he had known that other soldiers had come here like this. "No," he had said, shaking his head and smiling.

She had collapsed against him then and he'd held her and comforted her, touching the lovely soft dark hair that reminded him of Casey's hair, long ago, in another world. The girl had lifted her face to him and he'd taken out a handkerchief to blot her tears, and all at once there was the gentlest noise, the briefest *pinging* sound, and the girl's dark eyes flying wide in surprise, and the funniest gurgling sound and blood running out of a hole in her throat and running all over his sleeve, and his own muttered curse and the girl's body lifeless across his arm.

He put her down beside her father and then he went outside and was sick. He never knew what became of the sniper. He didn't care. It might have been Casey, was all he was thinking. My God, suppose all this ever got over *there!*

HE'D won his promotion, from first lieutenant to captain, immediately after that, fighting like ten men for the little girl who looked like Casey.

"People who stand gawping in the street!" a woman snapped, bumping into him.

He was jarred back to reality.

"I beg your pardon."

He moved on, joining the lane of people that flowed uptown. He was in mufti now, the uniform hung away. It was rather disconcerting and unsettling. First you were in uniform and you had everything, so to speak. Security and prestige, doing something that badly needed doing. Every one thought you were wonderful, a hero, even when you weren't. You got the idea they were all just standing still back home, waiting for you to get back. But when you got there, you found them all pretty busy with their own lives. They'd learned to get along without you, especially this new, young, clever crop of women. They'd been gallant and self-sufficient with their little apartments

(*Continued on page 50*)

HARDTACK

THIS IS one use Herr Hitler never intended for a Nazi helmet.

But out of the Storm Trooper's helmet there appears the very antithesis of that which he represented.

Young...tender...responding to an atmosphere of peace, this flowering plant has fulfilled its promise of beauty—is ample repayment for the watchful care that encouraged its feeble and hesitant beginning.

And so it is with Peace itself. Arising from the crushing cruelty of war it is rich in the promises of a new and brighter future for all humanity.

But Peace without peace-of-mind is no Peace at all. Free men must have the right to work and earn financial security for themselves and their families if they are to be free.

In the light of Freedom of Initiative, Free Enterprise and Free Competition, America will respond just as this flower has responded to sunlight. The promises of Peace will unfold sooner, and bring a new era of completer living . . . and the word "Depression" become known only as another word in "Webster's".

* * *

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(Continued from page 48)

and their little pay envelopes, and the funny part was they didn't seem to want to give them up.

Take Casey. No, let's not take Casey. Casey's swell. Casey's all right. None of this is her fault. It isn't her fault that a white-haired old geezer peeks at you when he thinks you aren't looking, trying to guess what sort of wound you have. So you told him, finally. You cleared your throat and said, "I just got some shrapnel in my leg."

He'd looked relieved. He'd wanted to be sure he wasn't going to have a shell-shocked maniac on his hands.

The sun was warm on the back of his neck. When he'd been a kid, he loved to lie in the grass back home propped up on his elbows, feeling the sun on the back of his neck like that and pretending to study the book that was open in front of him. But all he'd ever thought about was how wonderful it was to be lazy, to be able to be lazy. He wished he were there now, stretched out on the sun-baked grass, his eyes closed, forgetting—forgetting forever all the times he'd lain in tall grass that was drenched with blood.

"I bet that guy's a politician."

WITHOUT conscious direction his feet had carried him to the door of the Industrial Building. Here, some twenty-odd stories above the ground, Casey had her being, her job and her financial security and even her importance as a person.

And suddenly all the things that had happened to him today added up and made sense. Suddenly, out of his thoughts and his memories and his stilted, embarrassed talk with the elderly gentleman with the white mane of hair, came some clairvoyance, some sixth sense, that made everything clear. Casey was frightened, too. In her way, she wanted to cling to what she knew and had known and come to rely on for the years he had been away from her. And he didn't have any right to ask her to give it all up. Even Ben. Ben had money and success and security, too. They all hung together, they all belonged together. He was the one who didn't belong, because he wasn't ready to come back yet. He didn't know what he wanted to be, and until he did know, he had no right to ask Casey to be it with him.

CASEY was packing and talking animatedly at the same time. She always talked very fast and very steadily when she was doing something she knew wasn't quite right.

"Thank heaven, Harry got me a priority on the plane! At least, I won't be put off to cool my heels in Salt Lake City for three days, as Ben had to do the last time he was out there. Isn't Kitty the most maddening person, really? Of course she isn't going to die. She's just going to be beautifully sick for about two weeks and the studio might cancel her contract. They certainly won't lift her option and she's in debt up to her neck. Oh, speaking of debt reminds me. Loretta Macy called today, and I'm getting her a job as receptionist in an advertising agency. Isn't that nice? She and Jim will be able to find a little place of their own. Living with Jim's parents has been pretty bad all around. For Jim, too."

"You ought to hang out a sign, 'Lives Repaired Here.'"

"Jerry, what's wrong with you today? You look so queer. And you don't talk like yourself. Nothing—unpleasant happened today, did it?"

"Oh, no."

"That interview with the law firm—did you have it?"

"Yes. They were very pleasant. I told them I'd think about it."

He sat on the edge of the bed watching her. She was dressed for departure. The inevitable sleek-fitting suit, the small hat, the polished rolls of hair.

He wished he knew more about her. He wished that somehow, these weeks he'd been home, they might have been closer. It was queer how you could love some one and hold her in your arms the night through and be a stranger to her thoughts. He didn't suppose he'd ever love any other girl. There hadn't been any of them, anywhere, that he'd wanted to do anything about. But this hadn't worked out. He couldn't stay, and he couldn't take her with him.

Casey suddenly dropped the slip she was folding and sat down beside him.

"Darling, please do tell me what's wrong. If it's this Hollywood trip, I can call it off. I just thought that I'd go out there and you could make that visit to Texas. And on my way back I can stop off there. I can—well, see what it's like."

"A swell idea," Jerry agreed.

"Darling, I have the feeling I haven't made you very happy since you've been home. I've tried, but I haven't done very well, have I?"

"Listen, nut," he said, smiling at her. "You'd make any man happy just being near him. Any man would be lucky to have you. You remember that."

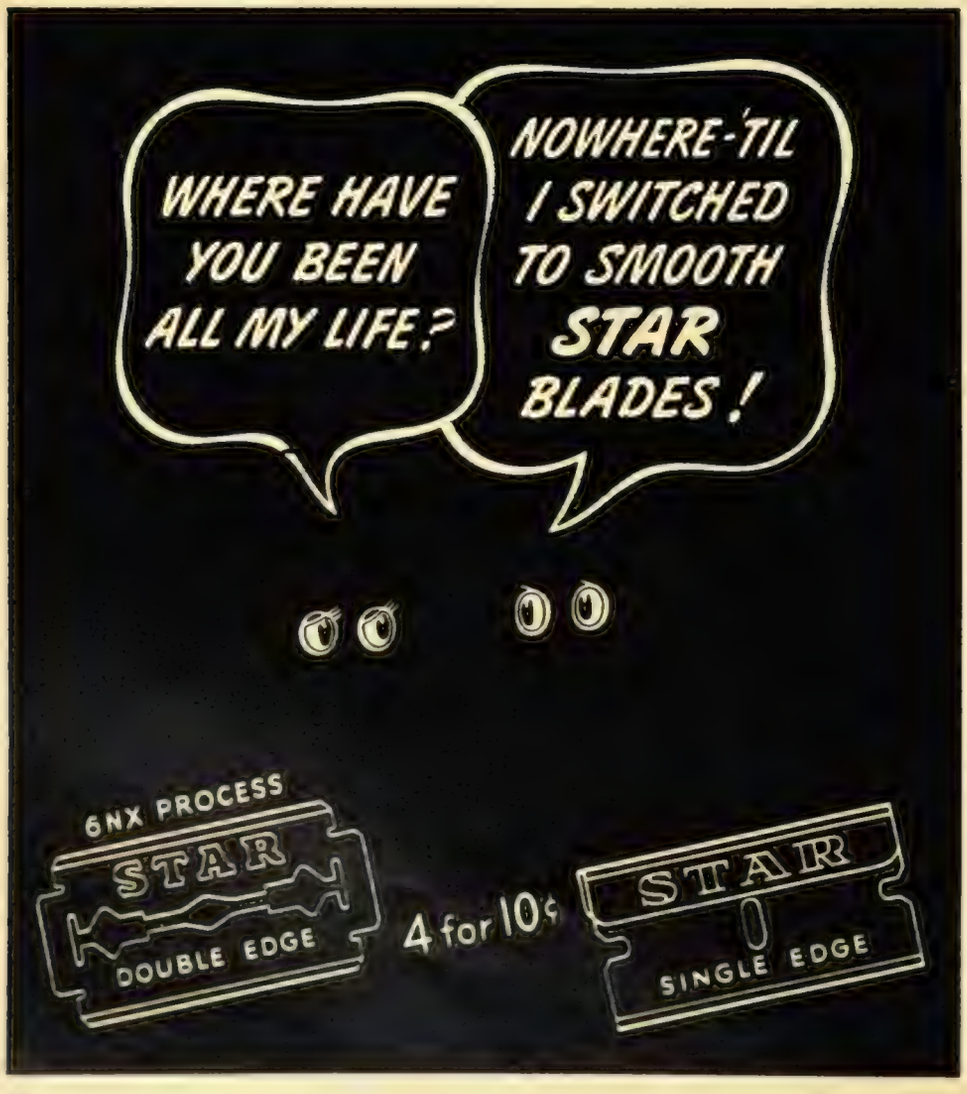
"Yes," she said, wondering why she should. "I wish I were going to Texas with you instead of to Hollywood."

"Well, you run along and don't worry about me."

"Oh, darling, I love you so," she said, and dropped her cheek down against his shoulder.

"I know," he said. His hands were hard and steady on the slim capable shoulders. "And you're everything in the world to me. Everything that matters."

She lifted her head and her eyes searched his face. Things had happened to that face since Jerry had been home. Some of the happiness had dimmed, some of the self-assurance that had been there the night he came bursting



in, his arms full of packages for her, was gone. Where? she wondered. What things had she done that were wrong things? If only she could know him better! If only she dared to talk to him. But there was the feeling that she was talking about things he wanted to forget, things he was self-conscious about, things that upset him. He looked older than he was. In a way, when you caught his eyes looking a certain way, he looked older than God. He'd seen too much.

"Jerry, do get a good rest while you're gone."

"And you," he said. "Don't let those slave drivers work you to death. And, say, you'd better hurry, honey, or you'll miss your plane."

THE giant silvered twin-motored plane sped down the runway of LaGuardia Field. Its engines roared as it began to lift out over the water. Jerry was a vanishing speck that waved and waved. She smiled and waved back, and then she saw his arm drop to his side.

And then he turned away. In the simple movement of turning, his whole body sagged. Casey's palms were pressed against the tiny window of the plane as though she could push the glass away and see him more clearly. She half turned in her seat to look backward against the plane's relentless soaring flight.

"Jerry!" Involuntarily she spoke his name. But no one heard her against the roar of the motors. Casey looked around her a little wildly. What was she doing here? Why had Jerry let her go on this trip? Why, he had hardly been home, and she was leaving him already! He looked alone and lost, some final defeat in the sudden sag of his shoulders.

I'll wire Harry, she thought. I'll ask him to get in touch with Jerry and see that he isn't lonely or anything. And then she thought, Oh, damn the job! It was Jerry, not Hollywood, that she wanted. Why hadn't she told Harry so?

There's a shock awaiting Casey when she phones Jerry from Hollywood. Next week's installment brings a crisis for Elaine and Jerry, too.

"I'll be right out. I have to pick up a few things for supper."

TOUGH BUT OH SO GENTLE

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TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING · GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

CHINESE ARMY—AMERICAN STYLE

Continued from Page 23

us childlike and backward, except industrially and mechanically, as some of us consider them. They are sometimes somewhat startled to discover adult appreciations and tolerances in us.

This mutual appreciation of humor did not, of course, immediately solve all troubles. It was barely a step. There was, first of all, the obvious headache in the fact that more than 99 per cent of the Americans spoke no Chinese and more than 99 per cent of the Chinese spoke no English. To complicate matters further, the camp was serviced by Indians, with Indian Army guards, most of whom had no Chinese and virtually no English. All signs and notices had to be printed in three languages—English, Chinese, and Hindustani. Perhaps the prize Tower of Babel situation arose in the horseshoeing section. The Chinese had been supplied with Indian horses, which required shoeing unfamiliar to the Chinese. The American instructor was from Brooklyn, the horseshoer demonstrating the proper technique was an Indian, the pupils were Chinese. None of them knew a word of the other languages. The instructor had to talk to an Indian-English interpreter, who talked to the horseshoer, who talked to an Indian-Chinese interpreter, who passed the lesson along to the Chinese.

THE worst of this passed with time. The Americans picked up some Chinese, though mostly such phonetics as *ding how*, meaning "exact good" and corresponding in usage to "O. K"; and *boo how*, or "no good," corresponding to "It stinks!" A leavening of Americans who had served in China came in and a leavening of Chinese educated in the States. The Chinese and Indian troops acquired some English. One morning I heard an Egyptian foreman exhorting his Indian labor gang: "Kum on, get on da ball!"

An unexpected complication arose from the fact that the Chinese fell in love with American supplies, which they decided were the finest imaginable. The Americans run the camp, but the British and Indian governments are supposed to supply these Chinese troops in India, and they do. But one day when several thousand Chinese troops were about to leave for the front, Major L. F. Rose, a supply officer, issued spare American helmets to them. When British helmets were issued to the remaining Chinese troops, they refused them. "*Mei kuo fa chi ding how*," they said (American issue exact good). "*Ying kuo fa chi boo how*" (English issue not good). This was not true. There was nothing wrong with the English issue. The British gave the Chinese exactly the same grade equipment used by British and Indian troops. But the situation created a temporary impasse.

The biggest initial problem involved the Chinese institution of "face." It is merely what we call prestige, front, or pride. But it is a more active factor in Chinese life, more formalized and stylized than with us; so it can create real problems.

Some high-ranking Chinese officers did not look with favor upon instruction by Americans because, apparently, they feared it would cause them to lose face. They did nothing overt. They were polite. When General McCabe asked for cadres of Chinese to be trained so they could pass the instruction along to the rest, the cadres were promptly supplied. But they consisted of junior and noncommissioned officers. When they finished, the higher officers would not take instruction from them, for that did not fit in with their conception of face.

Time and a happy thought by General McCabe finally solved this problem. General McCabe, who enlisted in 1914 as a buck private and came up in the Army the hard way, is a shrewd psychologist. His solution grew out of a grasp of the basis of "face" and a way of turning it to use. He set up a course in advanced tactics for higher officers, and invited a group of Chinese commanders to join. They came mostly out of politeness, but once they realized what the Americans really could teach them, they went back to their fellow officers enthusiastic and boasting. That did it. Seeing that the first batch had learned so much and therefore acquired so much face, the rest could not afford to stay away. Not sharing in this new knowledge would involve even greater loss of face.

There remained another deep-rooted problem. This was the Chinese defensive psychology. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, at the beginning of the war with Japan, had very wisely realized that China's main weapons were her inexhaustible manpower and her vast area. He saw that China's one chance was to fight a delaying, defensive action. To risk disaster by daring attack would have been stupid. So defense was impressed upon Chinese troops.

In defense they became marvelously accomplished. They knew as if born with the instinct how to utilize terrain, how to dig in, how to make the enemy pay dearly for every inch. Training them in any of that would have been like teaching birds to fly. Nevertheless, the Chinese had two great tactical weaknesses: they were not conscious enough of their flanks and they did not think in terms of attack.

BUT now that they are armed with real weapons and have plenty of ammunition, these Chinese troops in India are displaying real offensive spirit. Even the lowest-rank privates are as proud of their new equipment and knowledge as kids of new toys, and as anxious to show them off. For a time some American officers feared this was all there was to their apparent spirit, but that fear was dispelled when the first units went into action in Assam.

It is too early in the campaign to discuss freely examples of that new offensive attitude, but an episode at Diwali illustrates how wholeheartedly the Chinese commanders have taken to the theory of attack. The Americans wanted to final-test a Chinese division which looked ready to go into action. They asked the Chinese commander to set up twelve combat problems, then put his division through its paces.

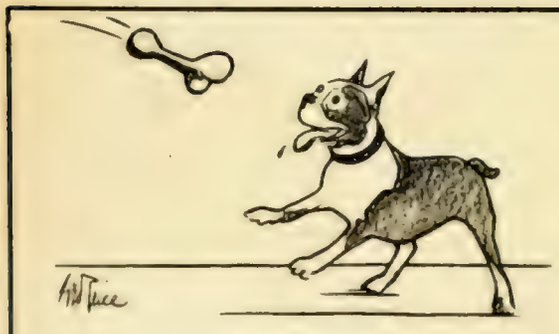
Every one of the twelve examples that commander set up was an offensive action.

It took a lot of patience and tact to accomplish this change of viewpoint. The Americans had to learn that with Chinese you must never lose your temper, never bawl them out, and never try to drive them. The man who loses his temper is considered a fool in China, and immediately loses the argument.

The indirect approach worked best. Colonel G. W. Sliney, head of the artillery section at Diwali, knew that from having served with Chinese troops earlier. He knew, for instance, that it would not do to rebuke a Chinese battery commander as you might a fellow American. You couldn't say to the Chinese commander who permitted ammunition to lie in the hot Indian sun: "That's a damn-fool way to handle ammunition." The proper way was to stroll up casually and exchange elaborate greetings. After these amenities, the American could remark, as if casually: "It is a strange thing. We have found that leaving ammunition in the sun raises the temperature of the powder. As you of course are aware from your great experience, this causes erratic firing."

That does the trick. The battery commander not only does not lose face but has an opportunity to acquire some. He does this by passing the lesson along to his subordinates by saying: "Don't you know that leaving ammunition in the sun causes erratic firing?"

This is not, obviously, a peculiarly Chinese trait.



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

BONE-US: A dividend for Fido.

PRIVYLEGE: The right to use the outdoor plumbing.

HIPPOCRITE: A gent who says you're too fat, when he weighs 300 pounds himself.

STORETURE: Waiting in line at the grocery.

LAWRELS: Honors for a barrister.

PROFEWSION: Not much of a great deal.

G.I.gantic: A seven-foot Yank.

HORSETRICH: A nag with his head in the sand.

BOO-MERINGUE: Poor mama! The dessert came back.

ROMMELET: German dish made of scrambled yeggs.

But even the necessity for such merry-go-round tactics is breaking down. General Bergin, a real-estate and insurance man before he joined the Army in 1917 and made it a career, found that after a while he could talk straight from the shoulder—as long as he did it with a smile and as long as the Chinese were convinced he was sincere. He reports that the higher Chinese officers with whom he deals as direct representative of General Stilwell at Diwali actually appreciate such talk. One day three of them came to him and told him so. "It sounds crude and wrong to our ears at first," they said. "But some day, we hope, all our people will come to talk that way. It is the better way."

The Americans can't take all the credit for this rapprochement. This American training camp for Chinese soldiers is a particular pet of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. On the way back from the Cairo conference with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, he and Madame detoured elaborately to visit it. The detour cost many miles and most of a night's sleep. The Generalissimo told the troops:

"My presence today further witnesses the enthusiasm and merits in training being accorded us by our American Allied officers under the admirable direction of General McCabe. I am delighted with their training and I feel deeply grateful. Their spirit and worth should serve as an impetus for your increasing endeavor to push forward to the noble goal until it is nobly accomplished."

The Generalissimo had already shown his opinion by the type of officers he assigned to Diwali. They were mostly men of wide experience and initiative, Army career men of the highest type. Further, General Bergin made a deal with the Chinese commanders at Diwali. If they would get rid of any officer who was not co-operating with the Americans, he would oust any American officer who couldn't get along with the Chinese. The score, up to the time this was written, was even: two American officers bounced by Bergin and two Chinese officers bounced by the Chinese.

THERE was never any friction between the American generals and Lieutenant General Cheng Tung Kuo, commander of the New First Chinese Army, General Cheng, a professional soldier with the gift of laughter and without false swank, is, at forty-two, an old Chiang Kai-shek man. He was a cadet at the Whampoa Military Academy in 1924 when Chiang, as commandant of the Academy, led the cadets against an insurgent war lord. This incident is famous as one of the high lights of the consolidation of the Chinese Republic, and the cadets became the backbone of the Chinese Army and the Kuomintang, the Chinese National Party.

Cheng went up fast. His coolness and daring became legendary. One day at Kun Lung Kwan the Japanese found the range of the observation post where General Cheng stood with his staff and began pouring shells into it. Cheng never batted an eyelash. He stood his ground, forcing his staff to remain with him to save face, and coolly took over the command telephone. Although heavily outgunned because he lacked adequate artillery, he routed the Japs. He did this by ordering a flank counter attack around the foot of a hill. Cheng was one Chinese general the Americans didn't have to convince of the value of attack. All he asked was to be shown the know-how they had.

Then there is, for instance, Colonel Chiang Kung Chuan, thirty-nine, a tiny bit of a man with seamed face and the most alive, expressive eyes I have ever seen. He is in command of an artillery regiment. He has a real, closely personal reason for hating the Japs and desiring to destroy them. He comes

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A man went to a physician, complaining of prolonged headaches. The doctor told him to stop smoking.

"I have never used tobacco in any form."

"Well, then, stop drinking."

"I am a total abstainer."

"Late hours, then, and fast women."

"I am always in bed by nine. I am a bachelor and live with my maiden sisters. Now, seriously, what causes my headaches?"

"I don't know," said the puzzled doctor. "I guess your halo's pinching."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

from a place southwest of Hangchow in Chekiang Province, occupied by the Japs. He is indicative of the new type of Chinese officer. He marched his men for fifty-four days to a point from which they could be brought to India for American training. "I lost only one man sick in nineteen days," he says proudly. He has the American concern for the men—the viewpoint that care for the men is even more important than the vital one of care of weapons. It is a viewpoint rare in Asiatic and most European armies, where men are considered strictly expendable.

He, too, follows the tradition of face—but not in the usual parlor-game way. When one day Colonel Vernon K. Hurd, American Army officer attached to that regiment to train it, jokingly remarked that the men looked soft, the little colonel smiled and politely agreed. But the next day he marched them twenty miles to prove otherwise—and led the whole march himself, on foot.

How good are these G. I. Chinese soldiers? Well, General McCabe offers to match the infantry against any brand. Colonels Sliney and Hurd insist the artillery is 75 per cent better than the Jap artillery and as good as any except our top crack outfits.

THESE soldiers are chubby and healthy and full of gumption now that their hunger is satisfied, in many cases for the first time in their lives, with plenty of rice. The staggering scarecrows who arrived at Diwali from Burma gobbled down the rice and fattened up so fast that in one case it resulted in a malady new even to the Orient-wise Colonel Gordon S. Seagrave, the famed "Burma Doctor." He told a story in camp of the Chinese soldier patient he got at Diwali with what looked exactly like acute appendicitis. When he operated, however, he found nothing wrong with the appendix. What he did find was that the soldier had put on fat so fast that his internal organs had not had a chance to adjust themselves to it.

He's wearing that fat off now in attacks against the Jap up in Burma. Led by his own officers, with Americans acting only as liaison, he is helping smash open that badly needed new door to China. And it may be that in the process a new China is being born.

THE END

Advertisement

"I understand you're looking swell, dear, since you've been eating Wheaties."

Two things wrong with this picture. No man in his right mind would neglect such a charming creature. And besides, he needs one hand free to transport the Wheaties from bowl to mouth. Such perfect flavor positively cannot be ignored. Get acquainted with it — tomorrow morning.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHO ain't there when promotions come?
Who misses his furloughs, too?
Who moves in a dream, away off the beam?
Why, that's the guy called Snafu.

Oh, the problem child of the Army is he,
A guy with his left where his right ought to be,
Who does when he shouldn't and don't when he should,
Who forgets to remember, whose brain ain't no good.

G. I. Longfellow

As lost as the Lost Chord, the real "missing link,"
It musta been him drove the sergeant to drink.

But don't you get high-hat and sneer at Snafu.
I can't recall which, but he's me or he's you.

That's one of a sackful of poems that have come in since I recently invited the Longfellows in the audience to drop us a line. It was signed "Ex-Pvt. L. McManus, Buffalo." Also enclosed was a poem which McManus said his brother had written from an Army Air Forces base overseas:

I have seen the green of Erin
And old England's moors and fens.
I've walked beneath Italian skies
And marched through Scotland's glens.

But their fame and name have moved me not,
For my thoughts be o'er the foam,
And the heart of me will sing again
When I take the road back home.

In the Limerick department, here's one from Fred B. Stafford of San Francisco, who is eighty-one years old and says he wishes they'd fix that age limit so he could join the Army:

I think the Germans the worst,
So we'll finish them off first.
Next without flurry
Whip the Japs in a hurry,
Then come home and quench a big thirst.

Some of the poems were too long to print *in toto*, so I'm passing along what seemed the best parts. Here's an excerpt from one written by Mrs. June E. Tuft of Seattle, Washington:

Deep down in this mother's heart
The lamp of faith shall burn.
I'm proud to smile and carry on
Until my son's return.

And now some stanzas from Ode to the Company Clerk, by Corporal H. M., Fort Jackson, South Carolina:

When passing out sympathy, don't overlook
The soldier who works, eats, and sleeps "by the book."
He's always belittled, despite his hard work—
In short, I refer to the Company Clerk.

When they need information on some regulation,
Who gives them the dope without hesitation?
The man whom they laughingly oft call a jerk—
The furrow-browed, underpaid Company Clerk.

When the Comp'ny Commander or First Sergeant make
(As sometimes they do) a grievous mistake,
Who bears the brunt of the tirades which lurk?
Nobody else but the Company Clerk.

A female poet in Rapid City, South Dakota, initials P. L. P., sings of a bit of romance from the prairies:

A private from deep down in Texas
Is planning, I think, to annex us.
His eyes are appealing,
His ways are revealing,
But his speech ofttimes disconnects us.

Well, that's enough rhyme for the present time. For each poem, small and large, many thanks from—

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Here's a gripe, Sarge. Recently an order came out in this area forbidding the wearing of dress belts or service caps by enlisted men. One C. O. of a company here took it into his head to go around to quarters and collect all the belts and caps and turn them in to the quartermaster. The men had bought these items with their own money. I would like to know if this C. O. had any right to confiscate them.

T/5 H. C., Monrovia, Calif.

Post commanders may issue regulations concerning dress, and the order about belts and service caps comes within this authority. However, I know of no regulation giving C. O.s the right to confiscate property. In my opinion the seizing of these belts and caps was not authorized. As things now stand, the service, or peaked, cap may be worn by Army service forces, M. P.s, and by other enlisted men only if permission is granted by the post commandant.

In a recent This Man's War, I read a letter concerning the word Snafu. I agree with you, Sarge, in not wanting to give the definition. I wondered what it could mean, too. So I asked my husband, who is in the armed forces. I must confess I blushed.

Mrs. F. S., Reading, Pa.

Who says I don't want to give the definition? Here goes with Snafu, and also Susfu, Tarfu, and Fubar, they being the four words most used in the Army today:

SNAFU—Situation normal, all *fouled* up.

SUSFU—Situation unchanged, still *fouled* up.

TARFU—Things are really *fouled* up.

FUBAR—*Fouled* up beyond all recognition.

* * *

What are the qualifications for the Good Conduct Medal in the Navy? How does this compare with the Army's qualifications?

W. A. B., R. M. 1/c
Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Navy—The Good Conduct Medal is awarded upon individual application and recommendation of the commanding officer after completion of a four-year enlistment in the Regular Navy or three years of active service in the Naval Reserve. Also for the first or last three-year period of a minority enlistment.

Army—The Good Conduct Medal is awarded upon recommendation of the commanding officer after completion of one year's service since Pearl Harbor.

* * *

What is a BAR man in the Army?

G. K. G., Lincoln, Neb.

A BARman in civilian life mixes cocktails. In the Army a BAR man also mixes cocktails—leaden ones for the Nips and Nazis. The initials stand for Browning Automatic Rifleman.

No pointers!

Maybe you could give me a hint about how to find out if my soldier loves me or not. He acts like it, but one never knows. How about a few pointers?

Miss F. E., Chicago, Ill.

Lady, best I can do is suggest you write to that great expert on the subject, known as Female Intuition.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

Continued from Page 13

The slave economy of the South once almost destroyed the Union, and we may take it that a break in a world organization could occur if any part of it introduced an economy based upon the conscious reduction of populations to a subsistence level. Therefore any international organization must have something resembling the League of Nations' labor office to prevent slavery and to raise living standards everywhere in proportion to the productivity of the workers.

But one thing we have got to accept: world organization means *organization*—not treaties—and organization demands government, international government, of however limited powers.

What is absolutely essential to such government—what is the minimum?

A world government must have the power to legislate laws for the behavior of nations, and thus create for the first time a genuine system of international law. Aggressive war, for instance, is a crime in the conscience of mankind, but to make it a crime in law there must be a world authority to define it and make it into law.

An international lawmaking body should also define and make into law what economic practices are permissible between states and what are forbidden, and forbid practices against a state's own citizens that would be likely to make them charges on other nations, such as wholesale persecutions and deportations.

An international lawmaking body must have courts to rule on its laws and a police to enforce its laws.

The composition of this international police, as well as of the lawmaking body, is a matter which will require extremely careful thought. It would be far easier to create an international organization if regions were first created of more approximately equal populations and resources, from which representatives and police quotas should come. The problem of an international police is to create a force strong enough to deal with any possible aggression,

COLD FACTS

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Just work and pay your taxes;
Don't gripe about the lack of heat—
It's turned upon the Axis!

—*Eric Ericson.*

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MEDICAL SUPPLIES

while at the same time the individual nations and regions are protected against the abuse of this force. It is not the purpose of this article to present a blueprint, but it is an axiom that whenever a problem can be accurately stated a solution can be found.

The opponents of the idea of genuine international government of strictly limited powers, with armed forces to compel obedience to international law, do not argue that it cannot successfully be created. They just say they don't like it because it means relinquishing a certain amount of national sovereignty.

But they will not face the fact that without it they are espousing one of the only two alternatives—a world order enforced by a single great power so overwhelmingly superior that none can challenge it, or a continuation of anarchy. The first alternative would require another world war or two to bring it about—like a series of boxing matches eliminating competitors. The second alternative is pure defeatism, an assertion that the human race has determined to abandon any attempt to solve its major problem.

THE League of Nations was not a true world organization. In the first place, it was not a League of Nations but a League of Foreign Offices. Its delegates were appointed by state departments and not even elected from the parliaments of the nations which they represented. They had no direct responsibilities to the peoples of the countries from which they came.

The League of Nations had neither any lawmaking nor law-enforcing powers. The League was, in reality, a permanent assembly of diplomats engaging in talkfests and fixing up agreements which had power only so long as individual national governments wished to keep them. Such an assembly can be useful as an adjunct to a real government, but by itself it will never solve the problem of world organization for peace. All law has to rest upon authority, and laws governing nations in their relations between each other cannot rest upon scores or hundreds of national authorities, any one of which can keep the laws if they happen to coincide with what it considers to be its national interests at any moment.

To save my life I cannot see what any American can say against this principle, this aim, or this argument of international organization. We are not a nation that has inherited traditional national hatreds for other peoples, races, or nations. Normally speaking, we like everybody and everybody likes us. We have never insisted on our sovereign right to wage aggressive wars against other nations, and the overwhelming majority of Americans would repudiate that right if any American government dared enunciate it.

There is a very healthy instinct in America against basing our future upon entangling alliances with other powers. But to yield a bit of our sovereignty to an international organization in which we ourselves are powerfully represented is not an entangling alliance. It is the creation of something new. And we, above all nations, have the power to create it, because at the end of this war, though only for a very short space of years, we shall be the most powerful single nation on earth and the one of which all the rest of the world will have the most cause to be afraid, if we want to do a little threatening to enforce some common sense.

We have no tradition of a huge and adored standing army which makes us believe that national militarism is a blessing and not a curse.

And our own people are a composite of all the peoples of the earth, and it is natural that such a people of peoples should take the leadership in bringing together the various nations from which we ourselves have sprung.

Such a proposal coming from us would meet less resistance than one coming from any other source, particularly if we were prepared to stick to what we want, and refused to compromise for alliances.

WHATEVER we do, one thing is certain: we shall not be able to "isolate" ourselves. There is no escaping internationalism. We never have escaped it—even when the oceans were regarded as "three thousand miles of purifying water." Culture, economics, and defense tie us to the rest of the world, and always have.

These three ties are not of equal importance in all periods. Economically, for instance, the United States is not as dependent on the rest of the world as she was a hundred years ago, and I predict that we shall become even more

(*Continued on page 58*)

"She said no!"

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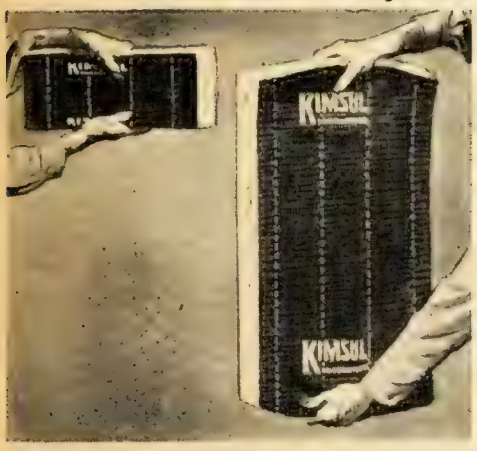

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(Continued from page 56)

economically self-supporting and self-consuming than we have ever been since then.

But the cultural ties, strong as they have been in the past, will increase. Millions of young Americans will have discovered the world in this war. No generation has been as aware of India, China, the whole British Empire, the South Pacific, the Tropics, and the Arctic as this generation of young Americans, the greatest travelers in American history. Even in the bitterest wars cultural penetration becomes enormous. We are fighting the Germans to total victory, but we have never been more keenly interested in German science and German inventions. And never has there been so much study of German history, psychology, geography—all for the purpose of psychological warfare.

More young Americans have learned foreign languages in the past two years than in the previous fifty—and actually learned how to speak them, instead of how to parse sentences but not order a meal. When war came there were not a hundred Americans of non-Japanese origins who could speak Japanese. At the end of this war there will be Japanese linguists in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and New Haven, Connecticut.

And however hostile our intentions in penetrating foreign cultures, the repercussions will be unavoidable. There never was a more bitter war than the Christian Crusade against the infidels of the Moslem world, who were considered worse than beasts. But one result of it was Venice, testifying in every stone to a cultural merger between the Christian West and the voluptuous Orient. European civilizers with the sword brought back medicine, astronomy, and mathematics from the Arabian "barbarians."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Middle Age—that period in a man's life when he'd rather not have a good time than have to get over it.

—Don McNeil.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

But the greater penetration is with our allies. I have no doubt that generations from now American architecture and art will show Chinese influences. Maybe American manners will show them, too, and that would be a step in the right direction.

It is still an open question how English will be spoken, but it probably will not be the King's, Mr. Mencken's, or Churchill's "basic."

If we don't want the Russians to give us too sharp a run for our money, one of our first tasks after this war will be to study Russian science, especially what has been done in the Arctic, where a large part of America—namely, neglected Alaska—is situated.

Nor will we be able to isolate ourselves in the social sciences. A Beveridge report in England creates almost as much repercussion in America as in England, for it attempts to deal with an identical problem. When a Wendell Willkie and an Eddie Rickenbacker come home with kind words for the Russian economy, it does not mean that they are Communists, but it does mean they have learned something. Nothing interests the masses of the people in all countries so much as to learn what is happening to the masses of the people in other countries. And this mutual

fructification of social ideas is bound to increase.

The chief thing that makes this "One World" is modern science and technology. In the old craft economies, national traditions played an immense role. There was a vast difference between the way a Chinese, Italian, Russian, or New England farmer or peasant tilled his field. Even today one can tell at a glance, if one is an expert, the difference between pottery made in England, Germany, Italy, France, and China, or in a carpet made in the Near East, the Caucasus, or the Far East. The difference is not only in design but in technical production. But the machine age is based upon exact sciences, and there is no difference between the way a Chinaman or a boy from Texas runs an airplane. For years we thought that the Germans alone could manufacture perfect optical instruments. Now we make instruments as good, and in some respects better —although never will we make lace as well as it can be made in Brussels, or petit point as well as it is made in Belgium or Vienna.

As modern industry spreads and pushes out the native crafts, so do the skills of the world tend to become identical along with work methods and factory organization. A Russian factory may be owned by the state instead of by a corporation, but it looks and functions exactly like one in Detroit.

These cultural ties will bring us politically nearer other countries, since political institutions always have to adapt themselves to economic and cultural realities, and the economic and cultural realities are becoming more and more universal. And they will also afford opportunities all over the world for American engineers and technicians.

One of the chief functions of political institutions is defense. Defense is not restricted to war. That is only the ultimate recourse. Defense consists of winning friends and influencing people as well as manufacturing arms. All diplomacy is exercised on behalf of defense. Great peaceful constructive eras are those in which the most powerful nations have managed to make a world fairly tolerable for everybody, especially from an economic standpoint.

Such an era now seems possible only through an international organization.

THE END

HOW IS YOUR POSTWAR PLAN?

Continued from Page 19

ist, since defense of labor's privileges requires the maintenance of a labor shortage by keeping out immigrants and by excluding cheap foreign products through high tariff rates.

The rising tide of youth also is making plans. Long-range projects, which can hardly be termed amateur, are being discussed and mapped out in schools and colleges by the very youngsters just under draft age who will have to operate and pay for whatever kind of order, or chaos, is evolved for their era. Largely, these undergraduate proposals follow two very distinct but not entirely antagonistic lines. One favors an almost exaggerated individualism, of which "zoot suits" are the lowest manifestation. The other follows rigidly organizational practices, with centralized national headquarters and more or less autonomous branches in schools and colleges throughout the States. One energetic example of this centralized plan-for-youth planning is the United States Student Assembly, organized in 1942 for "both practical and ideological purposes in molding our future."

The practical end of these organizations consists in making surveys of various racial, housing, production, and agricultural problems. Aside from a few dogmatic excursions into faraway problems about which the students have only hearsay or biased knowedge, these budding planners have a healthy approach for turning today's idealisms into tomorrow's practical realities.

Remote both in age and feasibility of ideas from these lusty younglings is the odd, aging guard of hobby riders. Here we find a kaleidoscope of frustrated humanity, some pathetic, some crackpot. Some of them have excellent ideas, usually unattached to any method for putting them into practical effect.

Here is a suggestion that people of all nations petition their governments to form an international government, the petitions to be presented in the capitals of all nations on a single date.

Here is a man who has an "international flag." There are several hundred other versions of banners to replace our present assortment of national symbols. One scheme goes to the root of the

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whole matter by advocating compulsory intermarriage between men and women of different nationalities and races. The only prohibition is marriage between a man and woman of the same color and language. That plan is announced as "The Lifting of the Curse of Babel."

There are literally thousands more, and there is an extraordinary variety of means to spread knowledge of these concepts far and wide. Not only are there the familiar press releases to newspapers, magazine articles, radio interviews, and an infinity of books and pamphlets. There are bustling institutions devoted to the sole purpose of disseminating reconstruction plans. Films may be rented for an evening, for a week, or for a whole series of weekly meetings. Phonograph records are available for use at home or by discussion groups. One agency will send "discussion leaders" on request—for a moderate fee. They can be trusted to stimulate inquiry on both sides of any given question.

Transcribed broadcasts of round-table discussions by noted authorities are also obtainable on practically every aspect of the political, economic, social, and medical future. Better farming methods are taught by combinations of movies, pamphlets, and recordings. Practical information can be had on every household problem from hanging a door straight to fixing the air conditioner, building an air-raid shelter, or putting splints on a mule's broken leg.

Every American sooner or later must come in contact with the national craze. Our politics—officially on the record—may tend toward isolationism, but our theories are always for the Bigger and Better, when they're not for the Biggest and Best. Practically every hamlet has an organization boasting that it "is in touch with people all over the world."

THE prevalence of such plans and planners has intrigued medical minds into probing for the cause of the phenomenon. Dr. Louis Berman of New York, a top-rank gland man and no banner waver, recently wrote me that he had himself fallen victim to the epidemic and was proud to lend his name as chairman to an international group.

Of some of the more erratic devotees he says: "I have been forced to study them clinically as deviations from the normal, whose political and planetary planning and plotting are symptoms of their general physical condition, which is the basis and provides the mechanism for their peculiar psychic condition. In most instances this is due to a failure of the pituitary gland to function properly." Glands are Dr. Berman's specialty, and contradiction can properly come only from an equally well trained endocrinologist.

However, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, a practicing psychiatrist and noted historian of medical psychology, refused to put any generalized label on the reason for what makes us "so impetuously Utopian, so blissfully confused about the fundamental issues in the proper solution of the vexing problem of the ultimate social structure."

Above all in numbers and unflagging zeal are the assorted political planners, running all the way from those who want no governments at all to the nostalgic lookers backward who want to restore the ornamental royalty that once reigned over all Europe. It should be noted that the American royalists so far discovered are interested only in restoring monarchies to Europe, not in the Western Hemisphere.

More limited in scope, though not in energy, are the many regional planning groups, the chambers of commerce, the colleges, the clubs, and a multitude of agencies, public and private—all toiling on designs for a newly dressed-up world when we lay our pistols down.

The U. S. tradition of world planning is at least as old as the nation. Our Declaration of Independence was specifically written to serve as a World Plan for Political Freedom, adaptable to every people and to any clime.

Since then there has been hardly an event in world politics, religion, or war without one or more—generally quite a few—American blueprints showing alternate and always guaranteed solutions to whatever problems were troubling mankind. Most of our offerings were happily ignored, since in those days the U. S. was a small and distant nation, weeks away from any possible physical intervention in the affairs of the great world of Europe and Asia.

HENRY FORD was the man who plunged us into the big-time circuit when he chartered the Danish vessel Oskar II and set out with the American world planners of 1915 to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." My own chief recollection of that peaceship Odyssey—of which I was a journalistic member—is that Europe made a polite pretense of listening. It was the first grandiose entry of American planners for the world on the main stem. It was not notably successful.

But even Europe didn't dare jeer, because Mr. Ford's abortive venture inspired many an earnest soul-seeking which still has its effect today in a growing realization that the whole world is greater than the sum of all its parts. That may be a mathematical impossibility, but it's a human truth.

Today most people in the United States probably realize what an error it was for every one to abandon the various private hopes and plans made during the last war for settling the world into a comfortable position to enjoy the peace. In those days there was just one big band wagon, the League of Nations. When that broke down nobody had an emergency vehicle.

How much the world may depend upon the plans conceived by our unregimented toiling individuals is perhaps best exemplified in the Methodist Church campaign to impress American citizenry at large with the need of thinking about and participating in a Crusade for a New World Order. The instructions to Crusaders are significant:

"Do not argue or criticize. Write to some Government or military official who may have something to say about the peace. Express *your own* opinion. Do not get up petitions. Write personal letters. Do not mention the Crusade—it is not necessary to mention the Methodist Church; we are not organizing another 'pressure group,' but expressing the convictions of Christian citizens. Above all do not copy anything from the Crusade literature; avoid trite phrases and Biblical, 'pious,' poetic, figurative and similar expressions. Stick to the simple propositions: *We are against isolationism; we favor collaboration; we want a fair, just, righteous, and lasting peace.*"

Twenty-five years ago this same powerful organization had a different crusade—for Prohibition! Remembering that, who can say that planning doesn't make progress along with the planners?

THE END

We can't all wear wings

WE know how you feel, young fellow—that stout heart of yours is breaking because you can't be up there in those army bombers.

But shucks, what of it? You couldn't help it that the medicos turned you down. You wanted to fight for your country.

Well, what else do you think you're doing now? You're fighting—even though your uniform is a railroad trackman's overalls.

Every time men of your courage and character come in and apply for work that will help shorten the war, we of The Milwaukee Road learn anew what it is that makes this nation invincible.

Out on the rolling prairies, on the endless plains of the Dakotas, or in the rugged mountains of Montana or Washington, the sound of heavy war trains rolling over your stretch of track is like the roar of a bomber to your ears.

You don't wear wings. But we thought the country you're serving ought to know about you. And we can tell you that over 5,000 men and women of The Milwaukee Road in the armed services consider you their kind of man.

* * *

"They should not have taken a railroad man for the Army unless he, himself, clamored for military service. He is in as fine a military place as he can ever occupy when he is helping run the railroads." Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, Interstate Commerce Commission.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

11,000-MILE SUPPLY LINE FOR WAR AND HOME FRONTS

night he'd had since Mort broke his leg.

That was the day heavy equipment had to roll for the first time. Until that afternoon the big tractor plow hadn't been out except the times Mort had tried it to get his hand in. All Mort'd done on fires was get light equipment back and forth. But this day a grass fire got away from hand tools, and furrowing was the only way to stop it.

Nobody'd ever been sprier than Mort in getting set. He wheeled his truck carrying the tractor and trailing the big plow into place, had his loading planks down, and was easing the tractor off while a lot of older heads would have just been sizing her up.

"Across the front now," Joe said, "and stay in close."

The motor roared, and the plow began turning a double furrow that made a six-foot ditch—a break no grass fire would cross. There was plenty of smoke but not much heat and none of the noisy fuss a slash or brush fire'll make to toss a scare into a man.

But Joe, walking behind with a shovel to plug any gaps that might show up in the line, saw Mort was jumpy. His pace was ragged, he kept looking into the wind, and Joe had to keep yelling to hold him close to the front. That little creep ran up his back again and his breath got quick. Not quick from the things his doctor'd told him to watch for—his ticker not being what it once was; not from smoke, or heavy work, or excitement, but from wondering why Mort didn't tie into it better.

They got the furrow clear around, penning the fire in, and Mort wiped his eyes and grinned. That grin kind of stabbed Joe. It was too much as if the kid figured he'd been in a tight place and lucky to be out with a whole skin, when he'd hardly been anywhere at all.

It gave Joe plenty to chew on. Women had ways of knowing what went on inside men. His wife, now—he had to admit he'd never fooled her much or long. Maybe there was something shy in Mort that only a girl like Bonny could peg. This was a time for heroes, wasn't it? Men and boys doing things all over the place that gave girls something to flutter over? Years back he'd have snorted such an idea off as no matter. Now it was different. After thinking and feeling secret things about Mort so long, it was a lot different. What if the kid didn't have what it takes to make a girl think he's as good as he looks?

Not that Bonny seemed to be off Mort. Joe thought she extended herself to be friendly maybe, he thought, she even seemed to feel sorry for Mort. If so, that was a bad sign—especially when he coupled it with seeing her right along with the lieutenant and seeing the tight set to Mort's mouth. Joe was like a fish out of water, worrying about such things instead of boring in to find out.

That's how it stood this bad morning—fretting about how Mort might do in the pinches. It looked like a day of pinches, all right; maybe tight enough pinches to show what a man was wound on.

Mort was repairing knapsack pumpers when Joe pulled in. Chuck McColl, the clerk, was at the radio. Bonny, on the job three hours early, was reporting how a fire looked that she could see.

One warden phoned in for help. Joe asked him what he meant, help, and said to bend his back and cut mustard. Another reported his burn safe, and Joe said not to be so damned sure; that one little dust devil could scatter brands from hell to breakfast and let her romp.

Joe was on the phone two hours, tough, crusty, driving his men, juggling equipment, snapping at the county defense chairman for more men. Looking at him, you'd have thought he was just a hard customer on a routine job instead of an upset old man starting maybe the hardest day of a hard life.

JUST after eight o'clock two towers began taking a cross shot, plenty tense. It pulled Joe out of his chair, and he hung over Chuck's shoulder as the towermen took reading on that new smoke.

"Hell's bells!" he grunted as he plotted the readings on a district map. "That's in Little Boy flats. That Polaris pulp lays dead ahead of her!" he muttered and grabbed the phone again.

"Go in hell for leather!" he snapped when he had the nearest warden on the line. "Pick up what help you can. Step on it, mister!" he snarled, glancing at the flag that snapped straight out in the stiff breeze.

Mort stood in the doorway, eyes wide. Twelve hundred cords of pulp bolts were racked in the slash not two miles downwind from that new fire. They'd been cut last winter and were still waiting on truck and manpower shortages. Government stuff, too.

Joe was barking into the phone again. "Got one in Little Boy flats. High-tail in on the hay-marsh road. Wing it the best you can with hand tools until the tractor gets there." He jiggled the phone and said to Mort, "Get rolling! I'll be right behind you."

He made five more calls in a row, draining two counties of reserves. He caught Mort on a hill four miles from the burning, and from the crest he could see it. Thick yellow smoke rolled ahead, held low by the larruping wind. From the half-mile-long scar behind the front blue smoke streamed as stumps and down stuff held fire long after grass and green leaves had burned out.

The two men turned right and then left, and were on a dirt road skirting the south edge of the burn.

Joe set his brakes as he came on a man filling a back pump.

"How is she this side?" he yelled, because the wind and the snap and mutter of fire off to the left made a racket.

"Just fair," the man said. "Backs ag'in' the wind some, but we can slow it down. But that front, now—" He twisted his head like that front was nothing to waste words on.

Joe motioned Mort on and led along the twisting road through skimpy poplars where briers grew knee-deep. A car loomed ahead and veered off so they wouldn't meet head-on. It was Oleson, the first fire warden in.

"She rolls like a time freight!" he yelled. "If't ever hits that chopping, she'll do ten mile to a hop! 'F you start the furrow beyond this next swale, it'll hold the hottest corner of this flank and we'll be ahead of it in time—if we're lucky. I got more men comin' in and—"

"Send 'em along to back us up!" Joe told him. "I'll tail the plow until you get set." His breath was fast and shallow. His old ticker wouldn't take the excitement it used to.

THEY stopped on the edge of a dry swale. Joe fought the trailer hitch loose, helped Mort set the planks, and stood back as the boy started the tractor down. Mort made three false starts before he got the tractor off the truck, and that brought a clogged-up feeling into Joe Bell's throat. As they coupled the plow to the tractor they could hear those fire sounds—mutterings and rippings and snaps and explosions.

"There! Let's go!" he said and looked up at Mort. "It'll be tough." His hoarse old voice was almost gentle. "But we got it to do, son. It's you and me—or nobody," he said, which was the nearest he'd ever come to begging a man to get in there and pitch.

The tractor motor bellowed, the big furrow began to turn, and poplar roots thick as your wrist threw dirt in Joe's face as they snapped in two. It was hot, but the wind was behind them, and it would be ten times hotter when they swung across it.

"Crowd her!" he yelled when Mort looked back, eyes big as plates. "Get in on her!" The tractor edged over and straightened out again, not close enough to the creeping fire of the flank by yards. "Right ag'in' her!" Joe croaked, waving his shovel. "Left!" he yelled, his voice strangling up, and not from fast breathing or smoke, either. The kid didn't want to go, see? Young Mort shrank from getting in close enough. For fourteen-fifteen years old Joe'd made it his business to see that things were smoothed out for Mort, and here he was up against something nobody could smooth out, but something he

had to do. Just *had* to, or else it wasn't going to be done.

Joe looked back and saw men falling in behind them. They'd guard the furrow, knocking down dangerous licks of flame with sand or water, and hold their posts until the fire pressure fell; then they'd leapfrog along the line. But until there was a line, they'd have no place to go. He went up abreast of Mort at a trot.

"Got to stay close!" he panted. "Can't give her an inch. We got a hay marsh right ag'in' the highway ahead of us. Highway'll hold the flank, but to have a show we got to beat her to the marsh!" he wheezed. "If she hits that dry grass, she'll cross and jump into the slash, and we're done for!" He coughed and strangled. "Here's the turn!" he choked. "Hold her about so!" He pointed with his shovel. "And give her hell!"

The tractor swung left and Joe dropped back. Hotter there. A lot hotter.

They were angling across and away from the flame, but the wind was like a furnace blast. Smoke was thick, too. Like breathing wool. His belly got tight, figuring how slow they were moving, how fast the fire might be running—and what Mort might be thinking up there with his left elbow up half the time to shield his face. That was the thing made his belly tight—wondering what Mort was thinking. How they'd do with the fire was one thing. How Mort Nessen would do with what he had to do was another, and bigger and more important to Joe Bell, shoving at clods that wanted to fall back, tossing ground litter away. Up to then, he knew, they hadn't been through the half of it.

The blast on his cheek was hotter. He tripped on a boulder and fell and staggered up. He saw Mort was looking back, but the kid didn't even seem to see him.

"Crowd her!" he choked and waved his shovel.

The highway wasn't so far off then, but the front was closer. Joe couldn't see flame yet. Heat told him the front was licking on toward the gap they had to close. They were out of the poplars with only sweet fern and blueberry brush growing above the sod. Off to the right were jack pine and slash.

No furrow'd ever hold fire there today. Here was their one and only chance.

THEN one of those freaky updrafts lifted the smoke, and for a minute Joe could see. He could see the hay marsh just ahead and the highway fill lifting out of it. It was only minutes off, but those minutes didn't belong to them. Fire was within rods of those rank stalks of cured grass, swooping out ahead of the gusts like waves'll run up on a sand beach. In no time it would be in that marsh, and on the downwind side there wasn't ten rods of upland before it would be in the pinery, with its brush piles high as your chest and ranks of pulp bolts ready to burn and throw heat that would cook a man at a hundred yards!

"Pop it to her!" he yelped, staggering up past the plow, steadying himself against the pound of his heart by a hand on the tractor seat. "Hit for the downwind side of the marsh. We'll cut her off there or—"

But they weren't going to cut her off there. Anyhow, Mort wasn't. He threw out his clutch.

"Can't!" he yelled, and his voice was a scream. "We'd never get through!" he screamed. "We—we—" He looked down at Joe Bell then and in his eyes was the same thing Joe'd seen there years ago. That same begging look, begging Joe to do something, begging Joe to help him out. The only difference was that he was a kid then—hurt and scared by something all outside himself. Now he was a man, afraid to do what he had to do.

IT came over old Joe like a wave. He knew why young Mort hadn't wanted to tackle the strangeness of a war-plant job in Detroit. It was because the kid shrank from what might be hard going. Joe knew why Bonny'd turned away from Mort. She pegged the weakness in him that wouldn't let him stand up in the pinches.

"Look here!" Mort croaked. "We'd only lose the tractor! We'd get in there and lose— We can get back now!"

The yank of old Joe's arm brought him out of the seat, down onto the ground. Old Joe's shove sent him staggering and floundering backward.

Joe didn't speak. He couldn't have found words for the things he felt if he'd tried. He didn't say a word, not a word. He just went up into that tractor seat and opened the throttle to the last notch before he had his feet in place and began rocking and lurching into smoke so thick he could hardly see the radiator cap.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

If a man could have his wishes, he would double his troubles.

—Benjamin Franklin.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

All he needed was a furrow between the downwind edge of that marsh and the chopping. Burning grass won't throw up brands that'll stay alive. All you need ahead of burning grass is a break the flame can't reach across. But he had to have that, if he cooked in the process!

He had trouble getting breath. His heart beat so fast it made him sway. He felt a little sick and dizzy. He hunched his left shoulder and nestled his cheek against it to save the skin of his face. Then he had to throw his head high and open his mouth to try to get air. He had the feeling that his hands were away off, not even a part of him. He was going out. He couldn't cut this buck alone. It was just too much to ask. He was lonesome all of a sudden—for the first time in his life.

He swayed over to the right, away from that blast of heat, letting go all holds—

And then he was sitting up. Something had pulled him up. The heat wasn't so bad. He could get a breath, sort of. And he wasn't lonesome. He wasn't even alone. Young Mort was there, on his knees on the tractor running board, shielding him from the blast with his own body.

"You'll cut it, Joe!" he yelled close in Joe's ear. "Hold her open and I'll keep it off you!" he yelled.

The dizziness stopped. Joe's heart quit threatening to pound through his ribs. He shook his head to clear his eyes. He smelled paint burning. He saw a broad banner of flame lick for the radiator and fall back. He heard Mort Nessen moan and felt him squirm. Then he smelled something else. He beat out his left shirt sleeve where it was burning and shrank closer to Mort. Alone he'd have gone out like a lamp away back there. Even behind Mort's body he could scarcely hang on. He couldn't get a breath, and he couldn't stand that heat another—

And then the tractor was rearing up, and somebody yelled, and then somebody else. He was on the highway shoulder, and men were running back along the furrow to make sure nothing crossed, and he had Mort Nessen in his arms, lowering him to the raw sand of the road fill.

The kid was shuddering. But he didn't moan. He didn't even whimper when Joe touched where his shirt had been and began yelling and cursing for a car to make the run to the hospital.

IT was cool and damp as Joe Bell came out on the hospital steps that night. The air tasted good and he took a long breath. It hadn't rained yet, but with that humidity fires wouldn't run, and so there was nothing new to worry about.

They hadn't said much. Mort was lying on his stomach because his back was kind of bad. Not serious; nothing that a few weeks and doctoring wouldn't fix up, except for a few scars.

For the first time since Joe Bell'd picked Mort up from where that truck left him, he felt easy and natural. He was through for keeps with trying to act like he wasn't cut out to act.

"Now there's one thing," he said. "Don't get yourself all swelled up when you read the papers tomorrow. They're goin' to puff you up for a hero, but all you done was a job.

"Still," he said, hedging some, "you done her. The old ticker," he tapped his chest, "was about done. Another minute or so I'd've keeled over, and where'd our damned fire've gone?" He cleared his throat, hating to say the next. "Much obliged," he finally said.

It was quiet for a while then. Mort's mouth worked some.

"It's me that's much obliged," he said. "For—well, for throwing me away out there. You see," he said, "I've had it too soft. I'd got the habit of shying off when the going looked hard. Having you—well, disgusted was the kick in the pants I needed. So I— Well, much obliged," he said.

So that night air tasted better than good to Joe.

A car drove up and stopped quick. A girl hopped out. It was Bonny Kelland. Joe'd had her in the office, standing by since sundown—Chuck McColl being out picking up equipment to get ready for what might happen next day. Probably wouldn't, but it might. You got to stay ready.

Bonny ran for the steps. She didn't even seem to see Joe Bell. The entrance lights showed her face plenty plain and she had the look a woman'll have only a few times in her life—when her man's in trouble, I mean.

"Evenin'," Joe said.

"Oh!" she said, kind of faint. "Oh! How—how is he?"

"Him?" Joe said. "Why, fine. Fine! Just singed up a little. Few days—month or so—and he'll never know it."

He looked at her good and close. "That brings up somethin'," he said. "Take kids, now. Don't ever coddle 'em," he said. "Worst thing you can do. They got to be tough as tripe not to get killed by coddlin'," he said.

Bonny got beet red and prettier than ever. Joe said good night and went on down the steps, feeling he'd pretty well patched up what he'd almost broke.

THE END

DID YOU NEVER FLY AGAIN?

Continued from Page 15

swered, "Think nothing of it!" and the way she smiled; even the way she put her hat back on, not looking around for a mirror. She was blonde and gray-eyed and very pretty. Naturally he liked that too. . .

He hesitated. "See here. You're not going out in the rain, are you?"

"No," she answered in a dancing friendly way. "Why?"

He grinned. "That was the wrong answer. You were to say yes, so I could say, 'But you really mustn't. You'll get soaked. Wouldn't you let me buy you a drink or something till the storm is over . . .?' That was to lead to dinner, and dinner to dancing, or a movie. . . . Four hours of it. Till traintime."

She looked at him sidewise, slanting her lashes amusedly. "You're picking me up. . . ."

"Trying to."

"You do it nicely. But, you see, I have an engagement. Right quick, at this moment. Probably for dinner—and dancing somewhere, or a movie or something."

"I'll hang around, just in case."

"No, don't." They were walking into the lobby now.

"Allergic to pick-ups?"

She met his glance and nodded, her gray eyes smiling. She was a merry sort of girl; laughter seemed to be in the very cut of her face. He stood and watched her cross the lobby toward the desk and thought how he would have enjoyed being with her. My type of girl, he thought. . . . But he shrugged his shoulders. There'd be others in this big lively hotel. . . .

Then he saw her again. It was only a couple of minutes later. He had gone over to the news counter to buy a paper and he saw her standing near the desk talking to some one. Almost instantly he recognized her companion . . . the stormy-eyed flyer he had sat with on the train coming up. Almost instantly, too, he recognized something else: a strangeness in that meeting between them, in the boy's belligerent expression, in the girl's fading, bewildered smile.

LLOYD stood there watching in spite of himself. Making some pretense of glancing at his paper, but watching. And all in the space of a few moments he saw everything that happened between them. Their moving out of the way of the dinner-hour traffic; the boy's brief conversation; his handing over an envelope and abruptly leaving. It was like the rankest kind of melodrama. Like practically everything the boy had said and done.

The whole thing was slightly ludicrous. Yet Lloyd got over any impulse to smile as he watched the girl. She read the letter and put it away and came quickly toward the entrance. She had the bright forced look that women wear when they've been kicked in the teeth and don't want to show it.

He overtook her at the doors. The rain was pounding down outside now. He said the first thing that came to him, and it turned out to be, "Wait! You're not going out in this mess, are you?"

She glanced up at him, not with any dancing natural laughter but only a bright false dazzle. "Yes."

"But you mustn't. You'll get soaked," he said, and wasn't conscious that he was repeating himself. She seemed ready to plunge blindly into the downpour. She was the way people are when they walk into the sides of cars or get themselves run over. . . . "Don't go," he urged her, looking into her face concernedly. "Come and have a drink. Won't you? You really need it."

She didn't answer; she just turned vaguely around and went along with him. He found an empty leather-cushioned nook in the blue smoky dusk of the cocktail lounge. "Two old-fashioneds," he told the waiter, and put his arm on the table and leaned toward her. "Look—" he said. "I don't expect you to tell me what it's all about. But you've had a tough blow, any one can see that, and you need to get hold of yourself before you go running off alone. . . ."

She said with a muffled incoherence, "It—was a boy I knew."

"That young flyer. Johnny Mansfield." He nodded, frowning sympathetically. "You see, I met the lad you were talking to—on the train this morning. He told me about—about this Johnny Mansfield. . . . I'm terribly sorry."

She looked across at him. Her eyes held a puzzled anguish. "Was it my fault? Was it, do you think? My fault that he didn't jump?" she said in a queer tone, not quite sobbing.

He stared at her for a moment and then sat back and got out his cigarettes.

So that was it. He didn't know what he'd been expecting. Probably something simple, like girl-learning-of-boy-friend's-death. Not anything like this. No, not anything like this. He said, his hazel eyes fixed on her intently, "Maybe you'd better tell me."

"He left a letter," she said. She stopped a minute, waiting for her voice to be steady. "Or just the beginning of a letter that he had been going to finish later. It was to me. It said—that he hoped he would get sent overseas soon. That he hoped he wouldn't come back. That he didn't want to live."

"Because of you?"

"Yes."

So that had been it, the grim errand. So that had been the mission. Vengeance for a friend. Lloyd looked at the girl dispassionately, reserving his judgment. He asked her. "What had gone wrong?"

"He—he wanted me to marry him," she said. "I couldn't. I tried to think I could when I saw how—hard he was taking it. But I didn't even like him very much as a person. He was moody and high-strung and—difficult to understand, difficult to be with." She stared down hard at her hands, her voice low. "I shouldn't have gone out with him at all. I made that mistake—it was a—a terrible mistake. But after the party that I'd met him at he kept calling me up—and I thought he would be in town only a few days—and he was a nice boy—and he was going off to war . . ."

"So you went out with him, and you smiled at him . . . out of the corners of your lashes, the way you do . . ."

SHE looked up at him. "I played fair with him. Always. I was only the way I would have been with—with any one. I never tried to make him fall in love with me. . . . But you don't believe that, do you?"

"On the contrary, I do," said Lloyd, and surprised himself with his own seriousness. How did he know if she had been straight or not?

But there she sat, young and gentle and decent-looking. She had had some exceedingly rough treatment, and, at the moment, whether she deserved it or not didn't seem important. His only impulse was to give her some comfort.

She was crying now, quietly, unobtrusively, her head bent. "I'm sorry to be such—such a mess," she said. "It was—having him tell me all those things and—seeing the letter and—I didn't have any idea—I thought—" She shook her head. "I'll be all right in a minute. I—had to get it over with, I guess."

"What exactly did he tell you?" Lloyd asked her.

"He phoned me at the office," she answered, making an effort to control her tears. "He asked me if I'd meet him here. He said he was—a friend of a friend. I thought it was just—well, some one that a mutual friend had told to call me up—for company . . ."

"And you went. Probably gave up another date to go. I think you must be a—a rather gallant girl."

"No," she said. "I'm not. He told me I deserved to suffer all the rest of my life. He told me Johnny hadn't needed to die—that he had died because of what I had done to him. It was—all like that. Then he handed me the letter. He

THE HOME FRONT

"This house-to-house business is a cinch for Marpleton. He used to be a bill collector."

said it was my—indictment. That I could consider myself a murderer."

"Pure rot. Of course you're not a murderer!" said Lloyd, and the lines in his face eased out a little with his smile. "Of course not! For that matter, I doubt if Johnny Mansfield even did what he did because of you. Do you—Look. What's your name?"

"Margaret. Margaret Graham."

"All right. Look, Margaret. Do you know what impulsion there is in a flyer to try to save his ship? Too strong a one sometimes, because a flyer is worth a lot more than a plane in the long run. But there it is. Something goes wrong and the time comes to jump, and then the gamble. It could have been that with Johnny Mansfield—nothing but that."

She raised her eyes, and he saw how much she wanted to believe it. "But there was the letter . . ."

"Yes, there was the letter," he admitted, "but how much did he really mean of it? Kids are always writing emotional letters. Maybe he was just giving out some temporary gloom. It's fun to talk about wanting to die, you know—but not much fun to get down to it."

She stared down again, brushing at her tears. "You're—nice to try to make me believe it was that way. But it wasn't. You don't believe it. Not really."

"No, I suppose I don't," he acknowledged after a moment. "But even so—even if it was the way the kid said it was—it couldn't be anything that you should blame yourself for. He was a free agent. What he did, or didn't do, was his own choosing. . . ."

He was being comforting. He was saying all the things he knew of to help her. Saying them and calling himself a softhearted fool and still saying them. Why? he wondered ironically. Because she was more to him than just any girl? Because she was gray-eyed and pretty—and sort of deep and gentle, the way he liked girls to be? . . . Funny, he thought. Because he was remembering now the plans he'd had, the dazzling lights, the cheerful companion he'd figured on. And here he sat in the world's dimmest cocktail lounge, with the burden of being cheerful squarely up to him. . . .

They sat there a long time, talking. Talking, and then talking less, till at last there was mostly silence between them. For after a while the things that could be said to ease a hurt came to an end, and there was nothing left to offer.

PEOPLE came in and people went out and presently those that came in from the street no longer had rain-spatter on their coats, for the storm was over. The clock above the bar moved into evening.

Lloyd said at last, cheerful and brisk, pushing out the stub of his last cigarette, "See here now. You won't go home and think about this Johnny business? You'll be able to get it out of your mind, won't you?"

She smiled across at him, trying to be bright-faced, trying to seem all right again. "Yes, I think so."

"All right, then. Tell me what you *will* do when you get home."

"When I get home?" Some of that gaiety he'd first noticed about her came drifting ghostlike back into her face. "Well, if it's stopped raining, my father will be out mowing the lawn. And when I come up the walk he'll push the handle around to me and sit down on the steps, because he's chubby and doesn't like exercise. And then I'll mow a couple of rows and give it back with a remark about—about some people's lazy fathers. And then I'll go in, and my little brother's police dog will probably throw himself at me, because he knows wonderful tricks but not many of the ordinary curb-dog manners. And then when I get rid of him, or *if* I get rid of him, I'll . . ."

Lloyd listened. And watched that drawn young face that was trying so hard to be merry and natural. "Yes. Go on," he said. He found himself wanting to know things about her; things that somehow brought him into her life a little. Was this the old feeling starting again, the old sure pain beginning all over? No, he answered himself quickly. No, emphatically. As if that fixed everything . . . as if that was enough.

He walked down the street with her to her bus stop. There was a wonderful washed sweetness in the air, and he tried to keep the pace quite slow. There was no sense to it, he told himself; no sense to wanting to prolong this chance meeting. It was over and now he should tell her good-by. A girl by the name of Margaret. Like Louise, like Ruth, like all the casual others there had been. . . . But it somehow didn't want to work that way.

"You've been wonderful to me," she said. "I'll remember that you were a friend when I needed one."

"Don't say too nice things," he said, only half smiling. "And be glad this is my last day. I might have been another Johnny Mansfield."

She looked up at him, searching his face in that intent, gentle way she had.

(Continued on page 67)

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
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the smoker's nose and throat!
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MOVIES for pleasant hours . . . LIGHT WHISKEY for pleasant taste

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

Sousa marches and mellow melodramas set the pace of pleasure in that dashing decade. It was in that era of robust enjoyment that two steps to better living were introduced to America—movies and the good taste of light whiskey. Produced originally as the guest whiskey of the landed gentry, Kinsey is now a national favorite. With the same smooth good taste, too, for Mr. J. G. Kinsey still supervises the blending. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

HASTEN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

KINSEY *Blended Whiskey*

MORE THAN DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR . . . NOW AS IN 1892

(Continued from page 65)

"No. You wouldn't have been. You're different."

Yes, he was different. Because he wouldn't have taken the quick way out, the easy way out, like Johnny Mansfield. But he could have fallen for her, like Johnny Mansfield. Hard and hopelessly. He knew that now. "Tell me something," he said abruptly. "If I had days ahead of me in this town, and we were here, and I asked you for a date tomorrow . . . would you say yes?"

She walked on beside him in silence for a little way. Cars splashed by through the still puddles of rain. "Yes," she said. "I would have."

He wanted to ask her why. Dumb question. But he wanted to hear her say that she liked him. He thought she would have said it honestly, not hedging coyly, not flirting. And he wanted to hear it rather terribly. But he didn't ask her.

He looked up and around, drawing in a breath of the soft damp air. "Get a whiff of it," he said. "Makes you feel like picnic suppers out in the country in the middle of summer, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Margaret nodded. "It does. Very much."

Lloyd stared down the street with a pensive smile. "Funny—I'd forgotten. We were sitting around one cold night talking—just a bunch of homesick lugs—and a young kid started to reminisce about picnics. And I made up my mind I'd go on one when I got my leave."

"And did you?"

"No. Forgot completely." He turned to her with a half-ironic smile. "That's what we would have done, Margaret. Gone on a picnic."

SHE said after a moment, glancing up at him, "Perhaps you'll come back here some day. . . ."

He had moments to think about that. Moments while they crossed the last busy street to the curb where she would catch her bus. Moments to consider his answer. . . . And he thought he would say, "Yes, I'll be back." Be back to go on that picnic, and meet that chubby father of hers, and her mother, and her kid brother, and the bad-mannered pooch. Be back to get to know her. . . . And then, abruptly, he knew that he wouldn't say yes. It came to him on a sudden crowding wave of feeling. Of self-disgust. Of anger, almost. To let the old pattern start up again? Love, and the plans for tomorrow. To head for the same old crash?

"No," he told her, "I won't be back." He had a cool and easy detachment in his voice. "It's off my beat, I'm afraid. Way off my beat. And anyway . . ." They were standing on the curb, and he glanced at her. "Anyway," he said, with a careless easy smile, "what would be the fun of picking each other up twice?"

She gave him a quick odd look, and he knew that he had hurt her, and the knowing hurt him; hurt him in a strange way, so that his anger seemed to grow and churn and choke in his chest.

"Well, then it's good-by altogether, I guess," she said, and held out her hand; smiling, because she was that kind of girl, the kind that would always come back game and gallant and smiling. But he had hurt her. The knowledge was stabbing him dully over and over. Her gray eyes smiling, not wanting him to see. But he had hurt her—hurt her.

Her bus came along and huffed at the curb. She joined the group filing in.

"Good-by!" she called back to him.

And he had a crazy impulse then. To stop her, to make things right, to give himself another chance. But there he stood, lean and relaxed and nonchalant, watching her go as if he didn't particularly care. . . . He lifted his hand in a casual salute. "I'll be seeing you. . . ." And turned away as the door slid shut.

THE evening went bad after that. He returned to the hotel and had dinner there and danced a few times with a couple of girls sitting at an adjoining table.

The music was good, and his partners were good, and it should have been a pleasant last hour. But he had such a feeling of unfinished business, of moments passing and time being lost—forever.

"You sap," he told himself. "She killed a guy—sure she did. Another guy like you, who trusted a girl's kindness. Margaret and Johnny, Sara and you—alike, just alike. Two girls and two wonderful smiles, two guys and two gullible hearts. . . . Forget her!"

It was a few minutes before traintime when he got down to the station. Out on the platform he saw his young flyer companion strolling about in the gloom. He didn't want to run into the kid, yet when the boy came by he couldn't resist throwing out with an irritated laugh:

"Oh, come now! You don't have to look quite so dismal."

The boy jerked to attention and his face colored deeply with embarrassment. He blurted out, "You were—you were with her when she came in. You knew her."

"No," said Lloyd. "I was just a bystander who helped pick up the pieces. You dished out some pretty strong stuff, you know."

He could see the boy pulling himself together stubbornly, getting set to defend what he had done. There was something ridiculous and—yes—something a little touching about his dogged seriousness. "She had it coming," he said with violence. "She deserved every bit of it. She—she killed him. If it hadn't been for her, he would have been alive now." He knotted his fists impotently. "Girls . . . they're what make all the trouble. If I ever . . . if I ever . . ."

"Come on, Hennessey. The war is far from won."

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions

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Want REAL relief from your sore, stiff, aching back? Then get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage it on gently. Feel "tight" muscles loosen up, pain subside, soreness vanish. Works FAST . . . costs only 50c—is simply wonderful for muscular aches, pains, stiffness and soreness due to local congestion caused by exposure, fatigue or over-exertion.

SAYMAN LINIMENT
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

"Wait a minute!" said Lloyd. He couldn't help smiling a little. "Did a girl ever do you wrong?"

The boy said grimly, "I saw what happened to Johnny."

"You saw what a girl did to Johnny, so you're off girls. That," said Lloyd reasonably, "is about as logical as saying you saw what a plane did to Johnny, so you're off planes. It—"

And suddenly, then, he stopped, turning over a new page in his thoughts. This was what they called enlightenment maybe. You said something, and you didn't mean much by it, and the meaning was a truth. Something you'd missed and needed to know.

"You think that I'm talking—just young . . ."

"No, wait—" said Lloyd, frowning. He ground out his cigarette slowly. "I was thinking something else. That a person shouldn't profit by experience. By other people's, or—or even his own. At least, not always. Does that sound pretty crazy?"

The boy scowled at him uncertainly.

"I mean," Lloyd went on, "that there are times when you've got to risk the same pain again, because if you don't" —he went along slowly, getting it clear in his thoughts—"because if you don't, you . . . you miss the good things, the— Do you see?" He stared at the boy intently, seriously, and saw that he didn't see. "Well, look—" he went on. "Here's what I mean. I was thinking of Johnny and his plane, and then I got to thinking of you and your plane. Do you remember the cotton field? Your plane went back on you. It *failed* you. . . . Did you never go flying again?"

"But you were talking about—about a *girl*."

"I'm talking about both."

The boy shook his head. "But—but it's different—"

"Is it?" said Lloyd. He didn't know. He wasn't sure. Maybe the whole thing was too pat, too simple. And yet a lot of the big truths were simple.

Did you never go flying again? And all the wonderful things you missed . . . the world of sky and clouds and sun, the feel of wings. . . .

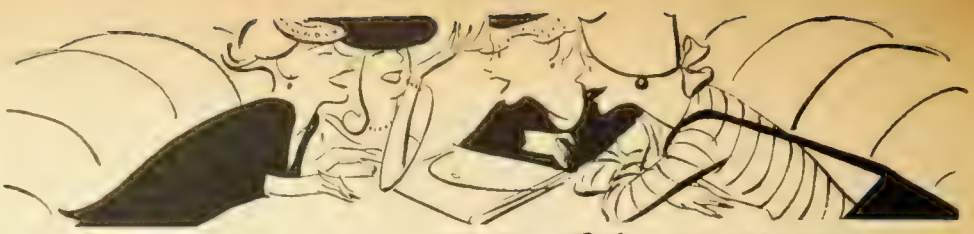
HE stood there quiet, thinking. He was thinking now of Sara, and of the way he had believed in her, and of the way she had failed him. And of the numbness and the pain and the days of slow forgetting. And of the good lesson he thought he had learned. Did you never go flying again?

And suddenly he was smiling. Angry, amazed at the sap he'd been—but mostly smiling. "Now look, kid," he said, putting a firm hand on the boy's shoulder. "I want to see you on the train." Because he had a job to do with him. No sense letting a nice kid like that grow up a misanthrope. But in the meantime—

He started back into the station at a fast trained-down stride. He thought he would telephone, and he looked in the book, but there were too many Grahams, and he didn't know which one. So he headed across to the Western Union desk. "Look. I want to send a telegram to a girl here in town. I don't know her street address, but she's lived here a long time. You can find her, can't you? . . . O. K."

He wrote it out quickly: "Margaret, I forgot to finish my sentence. I'll be seeing you"—then, grinning a little, he put down a dash and added the words—"next leave."

THE END



Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

MASS PRODUCTION: Mrs. James Gallagher, wife of a shipyard worker in Chester, Pennsylvania, had two sets of twins in eleven months. The first were boys; the second, girls. . . . Some scientists claim that older mothers have a better chance of producing fraternal twins than do younger ones. (Fraternal twins are of different sexes.) The frequency of fraternal-twin births increases with the age of the mother up to the years between thirty-five and forty, then declines. Even then, mothers between forty-five and fifty average more twins than do mothers of fifteen to twenty, according to Dr. Morton D.

Schweitzer and Amram Scheinfeld. . . . Patrolman Francis H. Devlin has delivered five babies in his nineteen years on the New York police force. His most recent lady in waiting, who couldn't wait for an ambulance, was sixteen-year-old Mrs. Anna Skerlick Doyle. "I get more proficient every time," observed Patrolman Devlin with pardonable pride, after delivering Mrs. Doyle's eight-pound boy. . . . Ration Point, an admirable cow residing in Logan, Utah, has given birth in three years to twins twice and triplets once.

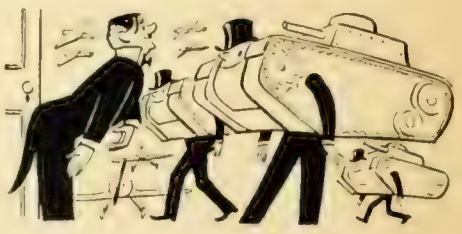
SUSCEPTIBLE: Fred Brauer confesses to an adolescent attachment for an attractive colleague in a St. Louis commercial art agency. "I spent a whole month cleaning her brushes in patient adoration before I discovered she was sharpening pencils for an architect in the same studio." P.S.: She married the architect. Freddy reports that his current weakness is a Washington belle who claims she prefers wine to hard likker, which is hard to come by in the nation's capital. When she accompanied Fred to a wine and "liquor" store and he asked for Pernod, she snapped truculently, "If you're buyin' Sterno, I'm not drinkin' it!"

LADYLIKE: A new old-fashioned product has made its appearance in a charming little glass bottle built like a diminutive life preserver. Smelling salts, a touch milder than grandma's, are back again! They seem to help clear and cheer a disgruntled nose and head made stuffy by an April cold. Also a dandy handy companion in crowded subways, trains, and buses. The new smelling salts are packaged giftily and priced thriftily. The bottle was copied from an authentic early New England smelling-salts bottle.

FIGURES ON FATHERS: Statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recently announced that almost half the fathers in the United States with dependent children are of draft age. Data from the last census show 15,700,000 fathers with children under eighteen, and of this total, 7,000,000 were at ages liable to military service. More than half the husbands under twenty-five years old are fathers, and about three quarters of those between thirty and thirty-seven years support at least one child under eighteen.

DEPARTMENT OF OVERSTATEMENT: Spring goes to the head like strong drink, and advertisers let themselves go with even more abandon than usual. The tendency to run riot affects writers in Third Avenue groceries as well as in the retail palaces of Fifth Avenue, New York City. A windowful of runty oranges flaunts a large sign in a lighthearted scrawl, "Florida Balls of Juice, 12 for 25 Cents," while the millinery copywriter of a famous department store headlines her half-hats: "Biggest Fashion News in Years—Posies Posed Beside Your Ears!" They may be becoming, and they may be smart, but if they're the "biggest fashion news in years," I'll eat my half-hat.

SOCIAL BUTTERFLY: Kitty, aged six, was glancing at the headlines in a learned sort of way, while she muttered suitable imprecations having to do with Hitler and his chums. Duly im-



pressed, her four-year-old brother, Freddy, asked, "Who's Hitler?" Kitty (whose mother is given to giving parties) explained condescendingly, "Oh, don't you know? He's the man who's giving this war."

Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble

Sometimes my fledgling *will not* drink;
Again, he hits the bottle.
It turns him watermelon pink
To open wide the throttle.

In order to prolong a meal
The babe declines to bubble.
His will's invincible as steel,
He dotes on making trouble.

Oh, he's a shrewd, conniving chap,
Unprincipled as night.
He takes his mother for a sap.
In which respect he's right.

AT WHAT POINT WILL GERMANY COLLAPSE?

Continued from Page 17

as Herr Backe likewise pointed out in his report, the 1944 harvest in the Reich proper will be adversely affected by a growing shortage of phosphates for fertilizer. The loss of any one of the territories mentioned would make the grain situation serious; the loss of all would render it precarious.

For a large part of their all-important potato crop the Nazis depend on the Baltic countries and Holland. Especially, the northern and eastern provinces of Holland have been converted by them into a vast potato field. The loss of one of these territories would produce serious complications, the loss of both would be a body blow.

Comparatively small contributions of soybeans come from Hungary and the south Poland plains. For almost 80 per cent of their soybean crop the Nazis are dependent on Bessarabia, Moldavia, and the Dobrudja. Loss of these territories would write finis to the Nazi diet.

And so the mathematical equation emerges in all its significance.

Germany could lose certain conquered territories without any fatal consequences to her ability to continue a defensive war, but the loss of certain other lands would bring catastrophe.

Specifically, in the west she can survive the loss of Brittany and the Channel coast. She can even give up the Belgian steel-producing area; much of its industrial capacity has already been transferred to the hinterland. But Germany cannot afford to lose the agricultural areas of France and the northern and eastern provinces of Holland.

In the south, Germany can lose all of Italy up to the Leghorn-Ancona line. She cannot afford to lose the Lombardy Plain. She can give up the Lyons industrial region of France; its principal producing facilities have been transplanted elsewhere.

In the Balkans, Germany can give up Greece, which is nothing more than an advanced fortress of the Reich. She can even go on without Bulgaria. But she cannot afford to lose the agricultural areas of Yugoslavia.

In the east, Germany can stand the loss of the rest of Russia proper, also of northeastern Poland. But the loss of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and eastern Galicia would be outright fatal.

If in 1944 Germany is stripped of these territories which she cannot afford to lose, the Wehrwirtschaft must collapse.

It will be the end of Nazi resistance.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In a Virginia country school a weather-conscious schoolteacher thought it her duty to warn her class about the dangers of overexposure to cold. After the first snowfall this year, she told them about her nephew, who, without stopping to dress warmly, had hurried out with his sled, remained too long, and died of pneumonia.

When she had finished, she noticed shivers running over a number of the children, and congratulated herself on doing a good job of prevention. Then she saw a youngster in the back row raise his hand.

"What is it, Johnny?" she asked.

"Where's his sled?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"I know I'm Needed –but how can I get a war job?"

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Getting a war job is *easy*—in most communities—once you've made up your mind to help speed Victory! Millions of women are needed, *at once.* Even if you've never worked before, you can *learn while you earn* in a job that's suited to you. Here's how you can find that job . . .

Read Your Newspaper Want Ads

—and choose any available civilian job you think you can do. Be a waitress! Drive a bus! Help in a hotel . . . laundry . . . drug store! Full or part time, a "home front" job is just as essential—vital to Victory—as working on an assembly line!

See Your U. S. Employment Service Office

—for free advice about war plant work. If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal, there may be just the job for you—experienced or not. Don't delay! Remember, your work will bring our boys home sooner!

Inquire at Your Local Hospital

—if you're 17 to 35 years old . . . get details about training *free,* with pay, for the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Nurses are desperately needed to replace those who are in the Service. Help care for civilian sick or injured, new mothers and babies!

Visit Any Army or Navy Recruiting Office

—and find out, without obligation, whether you can qualify to join the Wacs, Waves, Spars or Marines. As a Service woman, you'll free a soldier for combat . . . shorten the war. And, you'll be learning an important job you may need, in peacetime.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues*

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

"If this is Army life, lemme go home," says the new recruit at Fort Bragg.

Pvt. Mulvehill dreamily adds up how much money Pvt. Hargrove owes him.

Pvt. Hargrove tries manfully to make a good impression on his girl's dad.

SEE HERE PRIVATE HARGROVE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Robert Walker, Donna Reed, Keenan Wynn

OUTSIDE of the dilapidated Chaplinesque figure of Sad Sack, Marion Hargrove is probably the most famous private in this war. Despite the fact that the real Marion Hargrove is now a sergeant, he is still remembered as that "K. P. expert" in the book See Here, Private Hargrove. When the book was first published the nation fell on it with howls of glee before the print was dry—and chuckled over the everyday but exciting adventures of Private Hargrove in the war.

For the most part the movie version of Hargrove's experiences has captured the peculiar flavor of Army life, but unfortunately it has not quite caught the extremely individual flavor of the main character—Private Hargrove. It is more the story of any rookie than the personalized account of Private Hargrove.

However, the film has two admirable factors: it's funny and it's authentic from a khaki point of view. See Here Private Hargrove is the first officially approved film of Army ground forces in training. Many scenes were shot at Fort Bragg, North Carolina—the actual setting of Hargrove's story—or at Camp Roberts, where war maneuvers were filmed.

The movie opens when Marion Hargrove (Robert Walker) is a young cub reporter on the Charlotte (North Carolina) News. Soon he is drafted and makes friends with three other privates, the most memorable being Tom Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn)—a gold-bricking loquacious character with a highly developed talent for making money at other people's expense.

From the sound of the first bugle, Hargrove is all thumbs. In the first five days at Bragg he is on K. P. duty five times. However, Top Sergeant Cramp (Chill Wills) decides he will make a soldier out of Hargrove even if he has to call upon heaven occasionally for a miracle. In the meantime Hargrove meets a lovely young thing, Carol Holliday (Donna Reed), who is visiting relatives in town. And because he wants another date with Carol before she returns to her home town, Manhattan, he turns over a new leaf and almost becomes a model rookie.

But his luck doesn't last and Carol and Hargrove are forced to say their tender good-bys while he's on street-cleaning duty. However, Hargrove is determined to be a good soldier. To his surprise, he's made an acting corporal—but he only keeps the stripes one day. During practice warfare he is put in charge of a gun crew and he proudly delivers his gun and crew to—the "enemy" camp.

Finally a furlough and some money (borrowed from Mulvehill, of course at terrific rates) do get him to New York for an "ooh-and-aah" visit with Carol and a chance to sell the book he has been writing in camp. Back at Bragg, Hargrove is persuaded by Mulvehill to try for two soft berths in the public relations department. But when the company is shipped out, both boys effect lightninglike changes back to their original gun crew, and the whole company pulls out for parts unknown.

Robert Walker, who plays Private Hargrove, has had a short but amazingly successful trip up the Hollywood ladder. Introduced as the sailor in Bataan, his only other film role was in Madame Curie. Walker plays the role of Private Hargrove with a great deal of sincerity. But there is too much of the lovable-young-puppy-with-the-big-feet about him for a true characterization of the real Marion Hargrove. If you read the book you'll remember Hargrove as a more grown-up, more intelligent and resourceful person than the screen version. Hargrove in the movies is a lot more the eternal sophomore.

Donna Reed handles the sweetheart role with poise and lots of femininity, and the supporting cast is one in a million. Keenan Wynn (son of the famous comedian Ed Wynn) as Mulvehill turns in about the best performance. Along with Chill Wills as the sergeant, and Robert Benchley as Donna Reed's father he's responsible for some of the brightest moments in See Here Private Hargrove.

Gene Kelly—the thorn between two roses; Jinx Falkenburg and Rita Hayworth.

COVER GIRL *(Columbia)*

Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers

ABOUT the only thing in Cover Girl that won't leave you breathless is the plot. But in a musical comedy who cares about the plot anyway? Certainly the idea of small-time-girl-makes-good-in-big-time but-sacrifices-Park-Avenue-romance-for-true-love is old hat. But everything else—the dancing, the dancers, the girls, the Technicolor, the music—is right out of the top drawer.

Gene Kelly and Rita Hayworth dance with a vitality and nonchalance that is sheer magic. Kelly's dance with his "conscience" is one of the high lights of the picture. Comedians Phil Silvers and Eve Arden sock every gag right over the fence, and the music by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern is as gay and fresh as the dance routines. It's a toss-up whether you'll drift home happily humming Make Way for Tomorrow or Long Ago and Far Away.

Kelly, Hayworth, and Silvers prove three's no crowd in a swell song and dance.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.
VOICE IN THE WIND (United Artists). Francis Lederer, Sigrid Gurie. Drama.

$700 IN PRIZES

FOR YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT WINDOW SHADES

Tell us what improvements you'd like in Shades and Venetian Blinds after the war

Is there anything about window shades that makes you mad? Something about Venetian Blinds that raises your blood pressure? *Fine!* That's just what CLOPAY wants to know... together with that bright idea for *getting around* your pet peeve.

The simplest suggestion may bring the postman to *your* door with that first prize of $200 in War Bonds or with one of the other 42 prizes. Maybe it's an idea for a new color or pattern, a new way of drawing shades or reversing them, or making them wear better. Or a suggestion that will make Venetian Blinds more attractive, more convenient, or easier to clean.

Remember, CLOPAY has become the world's largest maker of window shades because we've given people the kind of improvements people wanted. So *your* idea may be the very one we're looking for ...the very one that will *win*.

GET BUSY... READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES

1st Prize .....$200 in War Bonds*
2nd Prize .....$100 in War Bonds*
Next 10 Prizes..Each $25 in War Bonds*
Next 30 Prizes...Each $5 in War Stamps

1. Write a letter telling how you would improve window shades or Venetian blinds. Send as many entries as you wish.

2. Mail your entries to Clopay Corp., 1310 Clopay Sq., Cincinnati 14, Ohio, before midnight July 15th, 1944.

3. Entries judged on the basis of clearness, interest, and originality. Decision of judges final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. All entries, ideas, and contents thereof, become the property of Clopay Corp.

4. Contest open to any resident of the U. S. or Canada except employees of Clopay Corporation, its advertising agency and their families, and is subject to all Federal, state, and local laws and regulations.

*Maturity value

CLOPAY

WINDOW SHADES AND VENETIAN BLINDS

On sale at 5-&-10c and neighborhood stores everywhere

THE PRO AND CON OF GRADE LABELING

Continued from Page 27

Further information is required for some products. A can of peaches must carry upon its label the following additional information: Variety: clingstone or freestone. Color: yellow or white. Style of pack: whole, halves, slices, etc. Degree of syrup: heavy, medium, light. If unpeeled, that also must be stated.

The canning industry as a whole seems willing to give upon the label any further information the consumer wants. The National Canners Association has sent to its members model labels which state, for example, the exact size of peas indicated upon a chart, the number of pieces of fruit, the cooking methods best for conserving vitamins and flavor. Reputable packers all endorse such *descriptive* labeling. They say the imposition of *grade* labeling would put a ceiling on quality, as Grade A is below the present standard of many brands.

Besides being unnecessary, the canners say, grade labeling of their products is not desired by housewives. In a survey made by Elmo Roper, only 4 per cent of the 7,500 women interviewed looked for a grade mark. Less than 2 per cent said they had frequently had canned goods misrepresented by the label, and 85 per cent had never had such an experience. Half of them never read the label on a can, although more than 70 per cent looked for the brand name. When grade labeling was specifically mentioned, more than half thought it sounded like a good idea, but of these the majority did not realize that grade labeling would not indicate vitamin content and other nutritional values, and there was confusion about what factors make up quality and should be graded.

Industry has other arguments against grade labeling: that it is expensive to the taxpayer and difficult to enforce; that it is impractical for many products; that it will add to the heavy machinery of the federal government, already unwieldy and inefficient; that it will add to the red tape and bureaucracy already so maddening to business and now being felt by the consumer. Industry believes, too, that much regulation for business is conceived by theorists who are eager to see government control of all business.

And finally, but most important, there is the contention that grade labeling and price control by grades will force all manufacturers to forego their cherished individual methods of processing and turn out products of standard mediocrity and of the minimum quality necessary to get by.

The motive behind industry's fight against grade labeling is the fear it will end brand names and trademarks.

His brand name and trade-mark are the greatest asset of any reputable producer. They show his pride in being identified with his product. It is only the manufacturer of inferior goods who does not want his name and mark upon his product.

Enormous sums are spent by a producer to improve his product and tell people about it through advertising. Anything which lessens the value of his name and trade-mark is feared by him.

If consumers ever come to believe that there is "none finer than Grade A," they may buy the cheapest brand in each grade, thus forcing the manufacturer of superior products to lower costs and quality and compete upon price alone. His incentive for constant improvement will be gone. Eventually his brand name and his trade-mark will disappear and there will indeed be none finer than Grade A. The super-excellent, super-flavored, and finest products we have known will be gone.

THESE are the chief arguments on both sides of the question, although there is not space to give them here in detail.

The disinterested observer might add that the canning industry is already conforming to minimum standards under the Pure Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. Policing this observance is an enormous job in itself. In normal times and with a few exceptions, federal legislation covers only the goods sold in interstate commerce (crossing state lines). While in some cities and states the consumer is protected with an eagle eye, in others deplorable conditions exist. Consumer groups are already active in trying to correct such local conditions. This may be their most fertile field, at least until such time as local standards for food products within the states are as high as the federal minimum standards.

Two steps cannot fail to benefit both producer and consumer. One is disinterested study of grade labeling already in operation, as in Canada. There, it seems, the average housewife clings to old habits and buys brands which have proved satisfactory to her, anyway.

The other step has already been taken. It is an effort to bring producer, retailer, and consumer together to consider their mutual problems. The National Consumer-Retailer Council is one of several organizations with this purpose. The closer producer and consumer work together, the less need or excuse for government regulation.

THE END

WAKEFUL TONIGHT
Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try Dr. Miles Nervine. This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES NERVINE

Are Glamor Gowns

JUST FOR OTHERS—

not for YOU

BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

Do you envy glamorously gowned friends, because psoriasis lesions prevent you from dressing otherwise? Do you feel unusually hurt or sensitive because of this? Then try *SIROIL*. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-44, Detroit 26, Mich.

Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

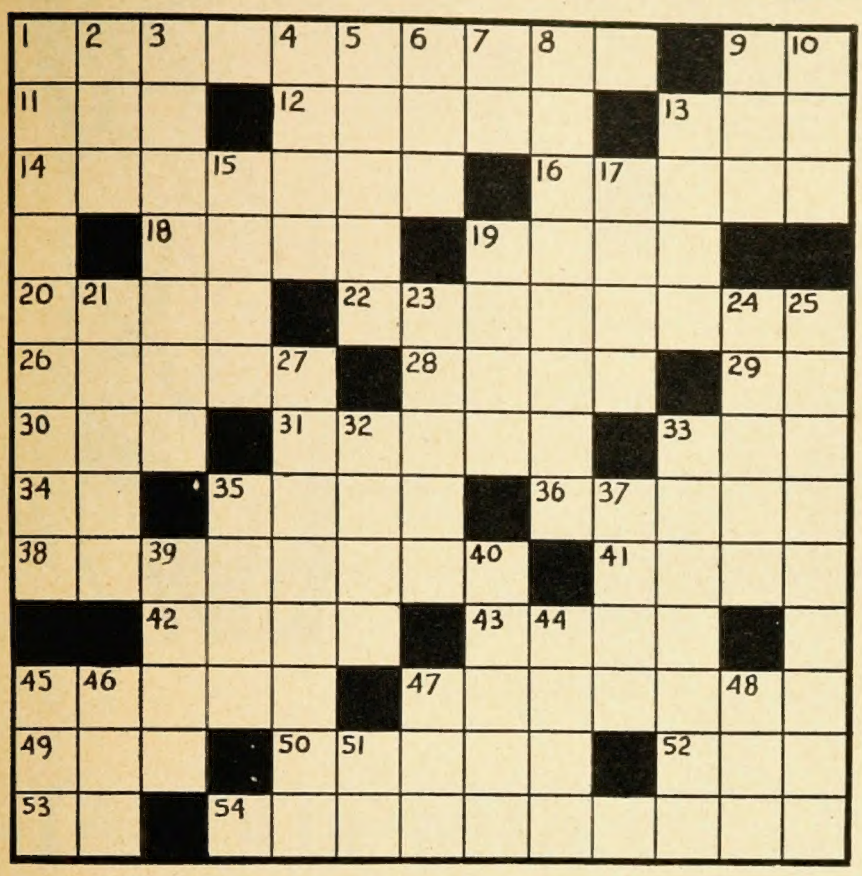
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

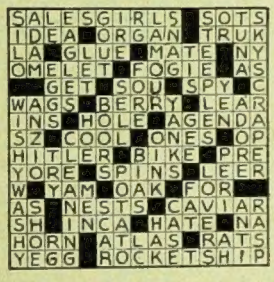
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What snake grew famed during the Civil War?
9 What's slang for "doughboy" in this war? (abbr.)
11 Constellation
12 Horse curbs would be what?
13 Anthropology is, roughly, the study of what?
14 In golf what are the 5-irons called?
16 Murphies' other nickname
18 A true Georgian is said to have what in his shoes?
19 Old what is a common British salutation?
20 Napoleon's soldiers fought on their stomachs; ours do on what?
22 Called the crooked double cross, what symbol has lost its dread aura?
26 They do what to smooth a card's edge?
28 What do boys in the army call "A lotta stuff, fried"?
29 The printer's thingum
30 'fore
31 The Roman in charge of public sport was called what?
33 A light smack in the puss'd be called a what?
34 What state is famed for its Reds? (abbr.)
35 Edible seaweed
36 Joint (mining)? (Where do I dig 'em up?)
38 What would you call Ceylon total immersionists?
41 What suffix means "one who" or "that which"?
42 Proofreader's sign
43 Dogie gait
45 Where is Valparaiso?
47 Name a famous American mountain



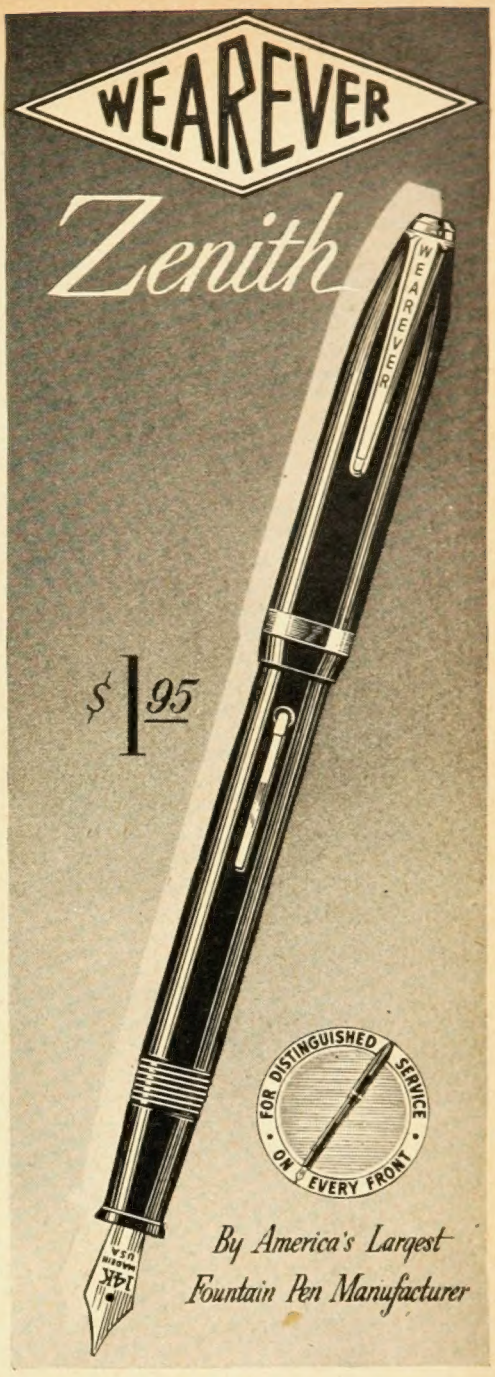
Last week's answer

49 When the umpire jerks his thumb over his shoulder he means what?
50 What's another term that's used for a swig o' nose paint?
52 56
53 Afternoon (abbr.)
54 Mangel-wurzels, kohlrabi and salsify are whats?

VERTICAL

1 What French cheese is usually sold in small triangular shapes?
2 What's the Latin plural of Os? (Sorry, Mrs. Pflaum!)
3 Kind of verb
4 The people of what country were recently left money by Mrs. Bernard Shaw to improve their manners?
5 Name one of the sections of a symphony orchestra
6 Pronoun
7 Give the running mate of 29 Hor.
8 Gives the once over for the tax collector
9 Kind of fly (annoying isn't it?)
10 The G. O. P.s would dearly love to be the whats?
13 Who played Pasteur in the movies?
15 Who said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country"?
17 Complete: If you invent a better mousetrap the world will beat a ---- to your door
19 Ancient sun god
21 Craggy home
23 Name an Eddy whose first name's neither Nelson nor Mary Baker
24 Name a famous actor named Edmund
25 What whale disease product is used in perfume making?
27 What word might be defined humorously as a lawyer's eyes?
32 Which is the friendliest and most influential of the Carnegies?
33 To make rum you do what to sugarcane juice?
35 What was the name of the victim in the Garden Murder Case?
37 What animal is associated with a month?
39 What's another word for mine portal?
40 If you're jittery you're liable to what?
44 What does Orson Welles call his wife?
45 Bobby's another word for what?
46 What's the pleasantest sound you can hear around defense factories?
47 What is it fish have that whales don't?
48 Who was the famous Apple Woman?
51 Useless letters? (abbr.)

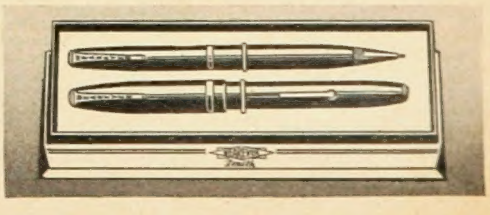
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



It's the "write" thing to do

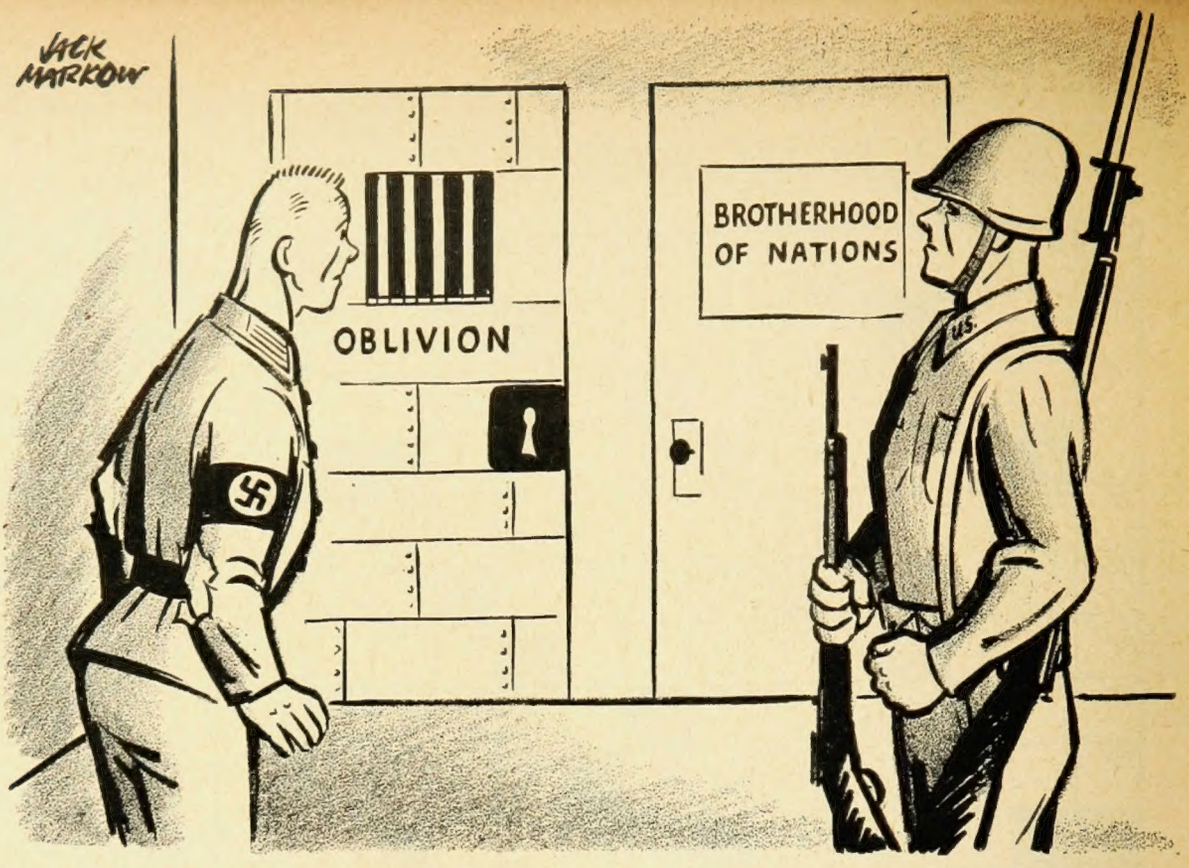
Write that soldier or sailor today. Letters from you make his thoughts easier, happier—help him do his job better. So write him often. Let a Wearever Zenith pen speed your writing ...a fine, durable, ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Of course, our armed forces have first call, so if your dealer can't supply you, remember the service man is served first! DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75



APRIL 15, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



The Choice is Germany's

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH GERMANY?

A MATTER which agitates our official and unofficial thinkers no end is what to do with Germany after the war. Erudite individuals and groups call for the complete dismemberment of Germany and her obliteration as a nation. Others, equally erudite, answer by pointing out the inadvisability of such action and the need for the Germans to retain some sort of a workable set-up. Otherwise they're bound to come out fighting again sometime in the future.

In all this wordy argument some one might aptly ask what the Germans are going to do about themselves. It seems to us they are their own problem even more than they are the problem of the United Nations.

They terrified the whole world and brought death and suffering to untold millions, pursuing a program of stealing what they wanted, in complete disregard of all law, international and human. The United Nations are now engaged in frustrating that attempt. When we have done so our ensuing concern must be to prevent any such future occurrence. If, in order to bring this about, we have to sit permanently on Germany's neck, well then, we'll have to sit there. It would be foolish to give the Germans a chance to try again.

Sitting on Germany's neck does not strike us as a pleasing occupation. As a matter of fact, it is bound to be very uncomfortable. We would much prefer not to do it. But for their own protection the United Nations must do so until such time as Germany convinces the world neck-sitting is no longer necessary.

If the Germans or elements within Germany adopt the attitude, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," they are going to have us on their necks for a long time to come. If, on the other hand, they become convinced that in the last analysis it's easier and better to work for things they want rather than steal them, if they forego their idea that the world owes them a better living than it affords others, we will be glad to let them up and in fact will aid them in realizing peaceful ambitions.

So it would seem to us it's up to the Germans to worry about what happens to them after the war and not up to us. They have done a lot of damage in their great gamble and must be ready to accept a gambler's losses. They can hardly expect those they injured to let bygones be bygones and must be prepared to rectify to some extent the wrongs they have done. They must realize the necessity of rehabilitating themselves in the eyes of the world.

Only such a realization can prevent the permanent submergence of the German nation and the German people. Their fate is in their own hands. It's their worry, not ours. If they want to play rough in the future, we'll play rough too. If they want to help establish a peaceful order in the world, they can expect that in a few generations their nation will regain its place as an honorable member of the brotherhood of nations.

Paul Hunter

Liberty ... FOR ALL

From horse and buggy dirt road to Non-Stop Motor Highway

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1858 **NEIGHBORS MIGHT** band together to fill in or clear a stretch of road when it became impassable, but roads were nobody's business and everybody's handicap 86 years ago when Corby's first appeared as a whiskey name.

1906 **IF YOU DROVE** an automobile you had to watch the weather, choose your route carefully when you ventured out in the country in 1906. Fifty miles a day was real "touring" in Corby's 48th year of whiskey fame.

1944 **WIDE-SURFACED** highways, with no grade crossings, few hills and long, easy curves, help speed transport for a nation at war. And Corby's distilleries produce war alcohol in this fourth great conflict in Corby's long history.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

As engineers plan "expressways" for postwar, there's a bit of postwar investigating you can do. Because of Corby's plan for spreading supplies evenly, you may be able to buy a "sample" pint from time to time. So try Corby's, notice its light body, its pleasing taste. *Like thousands of others, you may decide to make Corby's your first choice for after victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.